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The Shape of Things

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"I HAVE NEVER SOUGHT TO PREVENT OUR MEN from joining an association," said Henry Ford in an interview dated April 29. "No one who believes in American freedom would do that." On May 26, at the Rouge plant gates, a squad of Ford service men (pardon us, loyal employees) "spontaneously" set upon a group of union organizers, beat them with blackjacks and "knuckles," kicked them when they were down, and ground loyal heels into their abdomens, in order to protect Ford's workers from being tempted by leaflets to "join an association." That fast-moving episode, which sent several men to the hospital before they could even say "Join the union," is now being reeled out slowly at the National Labor Relations Board sessions in Detroit. Like the Paramount film of the Chicago slaughter which has recently been a headline attraction before the La Follette Committee in Washington, it presents a case study in violence, blow by blow, and demonstrates that most of the blows so far have landed on labor's head—or below the belt. The fourteen defenders of Ford's Freedom have at least been indicted for "assault with intent to do great bodily harm less than the crime of murder" (but not much less). The Chicago police who with guns accomplished the crime of murder have not yet, so far as we know, been called to account legally. Will the Chicago *Tribune,* that vigilante of American journalism, please check up on this lapse of justice? Meanwhile we suggest that the N. L. R. B. or the La Follette Committee select as an early production *in camera* Terror in Ohio, with the National Guard and a big native cast. The S. W. O. C., for instance, claims to have photographs showing bayonet wounds inflicted by National Guardsmen on three boys who made fun of them. American freedom is, at the moment, looking down.

*

IT IS OPEN SEASON IN NEW YORK CITY FOR Democratic mayoralty candidates, now that Senator Wagner has wisely chosen to stick to his Senatorial knitting. Chaos reigns in Tammany councils. Boss Dooling wants Senator Copeland, and the Senator is more than willing, but everyone else seems to agree with President Roosevelt that the Senator is only good for a laugh. Some want Judge Mahoney, but he would give Boss Dooling apoplexy. Sam Levy wants to run, but it is unlikely that a peanut politician could defeat La Guardia, even on a

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Tammany ticket. The truth is that the road is now open for another La Guardia victory. Whether he gets the Republican nomination or not, he is sure to corral a considerable share of the Republican vote. He will win the Labor Party nomination in September, and there is even talk, fantastic though it may seem, of his entering the Democratic primaries as well. When the election comes, he will have on his side most of the Jews, Italians, and Negroes, the labor and reform elements, and the ordinary man interested in retaining a dramatic fighter who is also an efficient mayor. If that isn't enough to win, New York had better be handed back to the Indians.

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MADRID'S GREAT OFFENSIVE, DISCUSSED BY Louis Fischer on a later page of this issue, is proceeding swiftly as we go to press. After six days of fighting, government troops have captured six towns and nearly a hundred square miles of territory. This signal success has been made possible, according to Herbert L. Matthews of the New York *Times,* by the complete reorganization of the army, air force, and war industries, which has been pushed through by the Negrin government. For the first time in the war that is a year old this week the government troops are well equipped, thoroughly trained, and are directed by a unified command. Matthews speaks of the Loyalists' strategy as being "intricate" and "brilliantly conceived" for cutting the rebels' last artery of communications on the Madrid front. While it is too early to say whether this particular advance will go so far as to break the encirclement of Madrid, the fact that a successful offensive could be launched within a fortnight after the fall of Bilbao suggests that the government is far stronger than is generally recognized. Given a complete breakdown of non-intervention, which would enable the democratic countries to supply munitions in accordance with international law, there is reason to hope that the government may suppress the rebellion before another year has passed.

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AFTER YEARS OF TENSION, OPEN FIGHTING has again broken out between China and Japan, apparently without deliberate provocation. The situation around Peiping has been increasingly tense in recent weeks. For the first time since the signing of the Tangku truce, in 1933, the Nanking government has been claiming and exercising a degree of power in North China. Irritated by their gradual loss of influence, the Japanese are reported to have brought pressure on the local authorities to break with Nanking. In the past Japan has frequently employed bold and illegal troop maneuvers in Chinese territory as a method of intimidating China. This time the Japanese were engaged in night maneuvers in the open country south of Peiping when they encountered Chinese troops who refused to be intimidated. In the struggle which followed the Chinese soldiers showed, as they had in Shanghai, that man for man, given reasonably modern equipment, they were fully the equals of the Japanese. The effect of the battle on the Chinese people was electric. All the pent-up hatred of the past six years seems to have exploded, and large groups of patriotic Chinese are demanding an immediate declaration of war against Japan. The days in which the Nanking government looked to Tokyo for its instructions have come to an end. Whether the present conflict will precipitate the long-expected war depends primarily on the extent to which the new Japanese government under Prince Konoe can restrain the bellicose activities of the military leaders. Japan's recent skirmishes along the Soviet-Manchurian frontier would seem to emphasize the folly of a protracted war with China at the present moment. But the Japanese warlords, like their kind elsewhere, have a habit of starting a great deal more than they can finish.

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ALTHOUGH THE NEW IRISH CONSTITUTION, establishing Ireland as a wholly independent state, was adopted by a small majority in the recent elections, De Valera encountered an unexpected setback when his party failed to obtain an absolute majority in the Dail. The defeat is of little immediate significance, since De Valera can count on the support of labor and certain independents in matters of general policy. But it presages further difficulties for the Fianna Fail in the future. Mr. de Valera has been an extraordinarily good strategist in carrying out his campaign for gradual independence from Britain, and he has succeeded where the extremists of the Irish Republican Army certainly would have failed. His success, however, has been obtained at a tremendous cost. Years of economic warfare with Britain have greatly weakened Irish agriculture, and led to indefensible wastes in an effort to attain the will-o'-the-wisp of self-sufficiency. For a time his battle with the Crown was extremely popular. The majority supported him even at the expense of their economic well-being. But now that the struggle is all but completed, it is apparent that the Irish people desire nothing more than to return to normality. In order to offset this very human aspiration Mr. de Valera may have to invent a new devil to replace the British Empire.

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THE SEARCH FOR AMELIA EARHART AND Fred Noonan is ending as we go to press. Now that the chance of rescue is all but gone it remains only to hope that the two aviators died many days before the search was over. Their death ends two lives that stood for gallantry and spirit. Miss Earhart in particular had become more symbol than woman; and this was rather ironical because she thoroughly forswore the conventional attributes of heroism. She was direct, unpretentious, hard-working. In spite of the publicity that flooded her activities and the commercialism which marked out her trail through the skies, she managed to convince a skeptical world that she enjoyed her profession more than the fame it brought her. She will be missed not because bravery is rare or sudden death a novelty, but because a symbol of high-hearted, reckless adventure is a continuing need of the human psyche—now, perhaps, even more than in other less commercial times.

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BUT ALL THE GENUINE EMOTION THAT surrounds the loss of the two fliers has not suppressed a measure of criticism and cold appraisal. Apparently it is established that Amelia Earhart had scrapped the 500-kilocycle transmitting wave length universally used by ships at sea. Neither she nor her navigator knew how to send or receive messages in code and it was for this reason that she decided against an equipment involving an awkward trailing antenna which demanded added attention during landings and take-offs. As a result it was impossible for her to communicate with the Coast Guard cutter *Itasca* or for that vessel to use its radio direction-finder to take a bearing. Her decision appears, incredibly enough, to have been unknown to the commander of the *Itasca,* who frequently requested her to transmit messages on 500 kilocycles. Such an error of judgment seems inexcusable. Another focus of post-mortem attacks is long-distance flying when undertaken for no scientific purpose. To her credit Amelia Earhart never claimed any objective other than her own pleasure. But it still remains a question whether the government should permit useless and perilous flights that may, if disaster overtakes them, involve the expenditure of vast work and expense. Apologists insist that the rescue flight provided the Navy and the Coast Guard with an opportunity to use in an actual emergency equipment which would otherwise be tried only in set maneuvers. But no one pretends that the $250,000 a day spent on the search would have been needed for routine practice or testing. The tragic death of two fine fliers should force the government to reconsider its present free-and-easy policy toward flights of this kind.

*

THE C. I. O. HAS ADDED ANOTHER LINK IN the chain of labor strength that it is forging across the country. A seven-man maritime organizing committee, headed by John Brophy and including Harry Bridges, Joseph Curran, and Mervyn Rathborne, has been formed, and is starting its organization work in earnest. On the Atlantic Coast, where the former rank-and-file insurgents are now in power, the move to affiliate with the C. I. O. has received the approval of the Maritime Council. A National Unity Convention is scheduled for September in Chicago, at which time it is expected that the main work of consolidating 300,000 workers in a National Industrial Maritime Federation will have been accomplished. There are two stumbling blocks the new committee must confront immediately. One is Joe Ryan, still czar of the New York longshoremen. But it is clear that the C. I. O. will proceed with its work regardless of Ryan, who for some time has been making overtures to John L. Lewis, and that if Ryan goes along with the new movement it will have to be on C. I. O. terms rather than his own. The second stumbling block is the bitter struggle for power between Bridges and Harry Lundberg, head of the Sailors' Union on the Pacific Coast. Harry Bridges has now been appointed C. I. O. head of the West Coast. It is a post that Bridges has earned by his brilliant organizing, his tactical skill, and his popularity with workers outside as well as in the maritime trades.

THE INVESTIGATION OF THE AMERICAN Telephone and Telegraph Company by the Federal Communications Commission is now ended. It was hampered throughout by the skill with which the A. T. and T. handled its public relations. We shall comment later on the investigation as a whole. Meanwhile one bit of history unearthed by the investigation should be mentioned, especially as it has received no attention in the newspapers. Our largest public utility, the Bell Telephone System, advanced $20,000,000 in 1916 to the British government, under the goading of J. P. Morgan and Company. This demand loan was made in December, 1916, by the A. T. and T., the parent company, despite the opinion expressed a year earlier by the company's general counsel that its charter did not give it the right to lend money; despite the fact that in August, 1916, Comptroller du Bois had stated to President Vail that there would be no surplus to invest at the end of the year; and despite Vail's refusal in November to invest $5,000,000 in Morgan three- and five-year notes at the request of Messrs. Lamont and Davison. The bankers seem, however, to have had some mysterious power over the management, and in December the A. T. and T. sold $20,000,000 worth of bonds, and lent that sum on demand to the British government, through J. P. Morgan and Company. The argument used was that the loan was needed to preserve favorable industrial conditions in Europe—a curious argument, considering the fact that the A. T. and T. had nothing to export. The loan was repaid in February, 1917. But by that time the country was already far down the slippery incline that led into the trenches of the war to make the world safe for the dollar.

Violence, Law, and Labor

IN the labor struggle now being waged our sympathies are frankly with John L. Lewis and the C. I. O. We have the great good fortune to be living in the midst of a great renascence of American energies, and the center of that renascence is the new labor movement.

But that does not keep us from turning a critical eye on labor tactics when they merit it. The question is whether there is anything to alarm the progressive mind in the methods the C. I. O. is using to achieve its ends. The fact that the reactionary press is so violent about labor violence does not move us. If editorial javelins and columnists' venom could kill Mr. Lewis, he would have been dead long ago. But when Secretary Frances Perkins, in an official statement, condemns the sitdowns; when Mr. Roosevelt calls down a plague upon the house of labor as well as the house of capital; when even the New York *Post* declares for a drastic program of labor control, it is time to scrutinize charges and remedies.

The main charges are four: that the C. I. O. has been unable to control such "wildcat" moves as the shutting off of power in Saginaw, Michigan, the labor holiday at Lansing, and the guerilla warfare waged by some of the automobile locals in breaking the terms of the strike settlement; that it has resorted to violence and violation

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of property rights in its sitdown strikes and its picketing tactics; that it achieves a tyranny of the minority by throwing an industry into disorder through the action of a small group; and, finally, that its affairs are in the hands of a dictatorship which makes no accounting to the public. You have to thread your way warily through these charges, which vary in their truth-content all the way from substantial accuracy to the sheerest poppycock. The C. I. O. in its mushroom growth has not been able to move along the entire strike front with equal control of its constituent units. There have been cases of wildcat strikes, some spontaneous, some engineered by *agents provocateurs* of the employers. There have been instances of violence, although they have been fewer than we are asked to believe; and the sitdown itself, as we have pointed out, is not legal, although its legality is being forged in the crucible of social usage. The instances of tyranny by a strike minority have been few; far truer has it been that large majorities, long repressed by employer intimidation, have eagerly awaited the entrance of the C. I. O. into their field, knowing that its organizers meant business. As for the charges of dictatorship, they are compounded of hysteria and lies.

A good angle from which to view most of these charges is one that commands a view of the pay rolls of today and the ballot-boxes of tomorrow. The C. I. O. is the greatest threat that the holders of economic and political power have had to confront in our time. It increases their wage bills and challenges their autocracy in industry. And it enrolls in a cohesive labor movement millions of men whose votes will go far toward electing the next President and the next Congress. Put yourself in the place of these men who rule America's economic destinies. Would not this combined threat move you to take whatever measures you could, however desperate, to smash the organization that embodied this threat? Hence the drive to turn middle-class opinion against the C. I. O., a drive in which many liberals are unwittingly joining.

Another angle from which to consider these charges is one that commands a view of the Chicago Memorial Day massacre and the brutal beating of the automobile labor leaders by Ford thugs. We have just seen the Paramount news reel of the Chicago massacre. And we have been reading with an irrepressible nausea the details uncovered by the Labor Board hearings on the Ford beatings. We do not believe that violence justifies retaliatory violence. We do believe that violence begets violence, and that the violence of labor is puny and trivial compared with the mammoth violence used by Girdler and Purnell and Grace and Ford. It is significant to compare what has happened since the automobile settlement and what has happened since the settlement with Big Steel. Wildcat strikes and guerilla warfare have broken out in the automobile area. There have been none in the Big Steel area, following the agreement between Myron Taylor and John L. Lewis. The reasons are not difficult to get at. The steel settlement came at the end of an arduous and systematic organizing campaign, kept well in hand by Philip Murray and his committee; and it was a voluntary settlement, without the fierce strike struggle that took place in automobiles. The moral is a dual one. If employers sow the wind, they must be prepared to reap the whirlwind; and if the wind consists of labor espionage, repression, and bitter strike-breaking tactics, the whirlwind will be a lack of labor discipline, sporadic contract-breaking, and violence. Where the C. I. O. has had a chance to do the painstaking, detailed work of labor organization and has not been swept into a strike by the pent-up and spontaneous sentiment of the workers, it has combined responsibility with strength.

All of which leads us to the conclusion that the approach to the question of labor responsibility and labor violence goes far deeper than any program of legislative control. There are two ways of insuring order. One is to create it by *fiat* from above. This method implies the use of troops, court injunctions, legislative outlawry of certain kinds of strikes and ultimately of all strikes and of trade unions themselves. It is the method which, innocently as it may start, finds its logical culmination in the corporate state of Mussolini and the totalitarian state of Hitler. Its method is to create a framework, ever tighter and more restrictive, within which labor is permitted to carry on. Its ultimate result is to identify "order" with the national will and the use of national force to suppress trade-union activities.

There is another plan—let us call it the "American plan," for it deserves that designation far more than the reactionary movements which have adopted it in the past. It recognizes that labor discipline is not a thing that can be legislated without the loss of civil liberties. Labor order is rather the organic outgrowth of a healthy state of industrial relations, and can be achieved only after such a state has been established. It would seek to restrict the role of the government in the industrial struggle to that of preserving civil liberties, setting minimum standards in industry, and providing the machinery which will facilitate a real meeting of minds.

The agitation for legislative control of labor today calls for incorporation of trade unions and publicity of accounts; revision of the Wagner Act to allow the employer the right to invoke a vote whenever he likes; the outlawing of sympathetic strikes, jurisdictional strikes, sitdown strikes, and all strikes not directly involving wages and working conditions; and, often, compulsory arbitration. To our mind, while the individual items vary in importance, the program as a whole is dangerous.

The provisions for incorporating trade unions and for publicity of accounts can serve no useful purpose, and they are subject to abuse. To compel unions to incorporate would be to coerce them into doing something which profit-making business establishments are not required to do. For a business man can operate, if he wishes, as an individual or in a partnership. Moreover, the Coronado cases showed that trade unions may be sued under the law even when they are not incorporated.

On the revision of the Wagner Act the case is more complicated. The general objection to giving employers the power to invoke the Wagner Act election machinery is a clear one. For employers will inevitably use it to scotch an organizing campaign at the outset. But we see

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no reason why the employer should not have the right to invoke the election machinery when an independent union asks for a contract. By asking for a contract, the union is declaring its readiness for a test of strength. We agree, moreover, with the New York *Post* that no strike should be allowed where the union is under contract, unless a violation of the contract by the employers is charged. The history of the garment unions is proof that a militant unionism can operate with strict observance of all contract obligations. But we do not by any means agree with the proposed ban on the sitdown strike, the sympathetic strike, or the so-called jurisdictional strike. The sitdown strike must be allowed to work out its own legal fate in the rapidly shifting complex of rules about property in the industrial situation. To freeze that fate now by prohibitive legislation would be both unfortunate legally and disastrous economically. The sympathetic strike, moreover, is an integral part of industrial unionism. The strength of that unionism lies in the united front of labor which it establishes all along the line of an industry. To ban sympathetic strikes would be to hamper industrial unionism at the outset. And to ban jurisdictional strikes would have much the same effect, since every C. I. O. strike in an industry where there is even a vestige of an A. F. of L. craft union would be construed as a jurisdictional strike.

There can be no doubt that American labor today must maintain discipline. But the discipline must for the most part come from within; it cannot be imposed from without. The final reliance for the maintenance of labor discipline and order must lie in trade-union democracy. We must remember that the energies which have produced a militant labor movement representing the greatest stride this country has made toward economic democracy are turned not only outward but inward as well. The rank-and-file enthusiasm that produces wildcat strikes is also the best insurance against racketeering, dictatorship, and irresponsible leadership within the trade union. But such discipline is not an over-night product. It is part of a civilizing process that must take time but is worth waiting for. America has not yet produced a good substitute for democracy, whether in government or industry.

Palestine Is Divided

AS was expected, the Palestine Royal Commission's plan for partitioning the Holy Land into three segments has pleased no one. Zionist organizations have denounced it as a flagrant violation of the Balfour Declaration. Arab nationalists are equally incensed at a program which hands over to the Jews the choicest portions of the land in which their ancestors have lived for centuries. From an economic point of view, it is manifestly absurd to divide a tiny country of not more than 10,000 square miles into three distinct political and economic units.

Yet no one, least of all the Zionists and Arab extremists, would maintain that the mandate as it is now administered is even tolerable. The peace of the Holy Land was shattered by sanguinary rioting in 1925, 1929, 1933, and 1936, the disturbances of last year being much more severe than in any of the previous years. Conciliation and plans for inter-factional cooperation have been tried and failed. As Jewish immigration increased, the conflict between an emotional, irreconcilable Zionism and an equally uncompromising Pan-Arab movement has grown steadily more intense. Both have reasonable and legitimate claims to the whole of Palestine, and both are correct in saying that anything less involves a breach of faith on the part of Great Britain and serious political and economic disabilities to their peoples. The Arabs as well as the Jews have strong historic claims; but the Jewish claim is far more urgent in view of the anti-Semitic policies of the German and Polish governments. Although the proposed partition violates both of these claims, it provides a feasible plan of national self-government for a great majority of the present inhabitants of Palestine, and will permit somewhat greater Jewish immigration during the present critical years than would otherwise have been considered practicable by the British.

Once the principle of partition is accepted, the details of the commission's plan stand out as a reasonable compromise. While territory assigned to the Jews represents a considerably greater value per inhabitant than the land assigned to the Arabs, the discrepancy will be partially made up by extensive irrigation projects in the Arab portion. Similarly, it seems reasonable that the holy cities of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth should not be put in the hands of either group, and that the British have the right to expect access to the sea if they are to assume the responsibility of administering these cities. But the same protection for the religious shrines might have been secured if the British administration had been limited solely to the cities, and free access to the sea guaranteed in the treaties which are to be drawn up with the new states.

The chief danger in the commission's recommendations lies in the immediate future. Feelings are being aroused to a high pitch, both among the Zionists and the followers of the Mufti of Jerusalem. Despite the elaborate precautions which the British have taken, serious disturbances may be expected at any time until the final decision is reached. After the new states have been established, the opportunities for friction will be fewer, although it is quite possible that the bitterness which is now distributed throughout Palestine may center in Jerusalem.

The first Jewish state in two thousand years will struggle under tremendous handicaps. Everywhere enemies will be seeking to capitalize on the slightest misstep. Despite Mussolini's explicit assurances to the contrary, we may be certain that he will do all that he can to weaken the new Jewish state, if only to embarrass Britain. Arab hostility will continue to be an unsettling influence. And whatever policies are adopted will be twisted and misrepresented by the Nazis in their diabolic efforts to justify their anti-Semitic program. The difficulties will be magnified if the Socialists gain control of the new state, as is highly probable. No matter how moderate or wise such a government's policies might be, they

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would be held up as a terrible example of Jewish radicalism. And Jewish capitalists from whom aid would still be needed might find it increasingly difficult to reconcile their belief in a Jewish national home with their bitter opposition to socialism.

It may be argued that the Zionist groups in Palestine are not yet ready to assume this almost terrifying responsibility. In some ways it would be much easier to go on under the present arrangement, sparring for time in the hope that conditions would improve. But the last ten years have seen an increase rather than a decrease in the problems which the new Jewish state must face. To prolong the *status quo* would mean only to insure the continuance of bloodshed and bitterness in Palestine.

Thus despite the obvious dangers which are inherent in the division of Palestine, the plan seems to make the best of a nearly impossible situation. A minority of extreme Zionist organizations may be expected to attempt to persuade the United States, because of its treaty obligation with respect to the Palestine mandate, to oppose the change. But if the League Mandate Committee approves the plan, we see no reason why the United States should stand in the way of an experiment which at worst will merely prolong a hopeless conflict, but which may contribute to the peace and well being of Jews and Arabs alike.

Loyalist Spain Takes the Offensive

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Madrid, July 11

"IF we win military victories, our internal politics will cease to be a problem for us," a prominent member of the Negrin Cabinet said to me ten days ago. The military, internal, and international situations all dovetail and improve or deteriorate together. Every Spanish Loyalist believes that the present government was put into office primarily to win the war. This is what the people expect of it and, above all, they expect signs that steps are being taken in that direction. "Offensive" has therefore become a magic word, for its use would indicate the beginning of a new phase which can end with victory. The first offensive need not be crushing; it need not bring the Loyalists into Badajoz or Sevilla. Its greatest significance would be psychological. It would break the ice. General Miaja, whose understanding of public sentiment is at least as good as his grasp of military strategy, knew he was touching the Spaniards' most responsive chord when he stated in his proclamation yesterday, "The offensive so eagerly desired by all has commenced."

The first few offensives will probably be partial and indecisive unless the enemy reveals a surprising weakness. They will be rehearsals for an army whose reflexes are those of trench warriors rather than those of rapidly advancing phalanxes. They will modify the map, and that is important, but in a larger sense their chief value lies in their modifications of the habits and fighting qualities of the troops. The moment the Negrin Cabinet was formed it energetically undertook to make the usually slow and painful transition from resisting to attacking. I believe that all observers were startled by the excellent and quick results. From what I have seen on various fronts, it is obvious that the Loyalist army is not only better equipped than it was several months ago, but it has mastered the manifold aspects of the use and care of its equipment. The authorities make no secret of this fact. Yesterday Loyalist aviators dropped leaflets over Madrid commencing, "The people's aviation is already here, reinforced and mighty, determined to deliver the last blow which definitely will free Madrid from the Fascists' claws." Such sanguine hopes would provoke resentment if recent performances did not justify the claim, at least in part. Without aviation no offensive is possible in this war, and from what we have seen in and around Madrid during these last few days this has become apparent to the government, and its air force has acquired a new striking power.

Military moves may solve political problems, but there are problems between the government and its opponents. Its critics have been hushed. Nevertheless, difficulties persist in Catalonia, which is so pivotal for war industry. In that province separatism joins with anarcho-syndicalism to become a thorn in the Cabinet's side. The separatists are not always loyal. Indeed, Franco has many friends among them. Separatism was a product of bourgeois economy in feudal Spain. But to the Anarchists separatism represents a desire to evade the central government's authority. This complicated situation is one which, it seems, will require the permanent attention of one or more Cabinet ministers with prestige, power, and tact.

My own view is that the relations between the elements within the government are far more interesting than the friction between it and those outside. The line of demarcation in Loyalist politics is becoming clearer. One camp consists of the Communist Party and groups or individuals who are ready to cooperate with it; the other camp is unfriendly to the Communist Party, although sometimes claiming to be more communist than the Communists themselves. The Communist Party has abandoned its earlier tactics of self-effacement. Irked by Caballero's attacks while it maintained a helpful, defensive attitude, it too has taken the offensive, and the result is that its best friends are worried. Its policies, they maintain, are wise, sober, and best for the new Spanish nation now emerging, yet its new-found ambition to dominate has unhealthy possibilities.

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Washington Sweatshop

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, July 12

THE Administration's wage-hour bill emerged from committee as emaciated as if it had spent the past month in a reducing cabinet. Once ample enough to cover some 12,000,000 workers, it now blankets a scant 3,000,000. Broad enough at one time to outlaw such practices as use of strike breakers and labor spies, it is nothing now but a wage, hour, and child-labor bill, and an inadequate one at that. It permits a proposed Labor Standards Board to go as far down the scale as it likes in fixing minimum wages *but forbids it to go above 40 cents an hour.* The sky is the limit in establishing a work week *but this must never be less than 40 hours.* Most railroad workers are exempted and so are seamen and agricultural hands of all kinds. Even the child-labor restrictions are loaded down with reservations. They do not apply to farm children or to those working for their parents or to those in whose cases the Children's Bureau may rule that work does not interfere with their schooling or harm their health. That leaves, as beneficiaries of the bill, those employees of manufacturing plants, mines, and public utilities whose products move in interstate commerce, plus railroad maintenance-of-way men—those, that is, who now earn less than $16 a week. Reduced to this gaunt ghost of its former self, the measure has little charm for most of its early admirers.

Mrs. Norton, Chairman

At the moment its chance of passage seems as slender as its new proportions. There are three reasons for this:

First, and most important, is the indifference of organized labor. Two years ago when the NRA was garroted by the Supreme Court, labor was extremely anxious for a wage-and-hour law. Today, absorbed in a fierce family vendetta, it has little time or thought for anything else. The C. I. O., making a desperate bid for power, has its forces scattered over a hundred fronts. It would like to have a wage-hour law but it is much more concerned with what Congress says and does about the sit-down strike and the massacre of workers in Chicago. Its leaders have had little time to think about new legislation. John L. Lewis did appear at the joint committee hearings, but he appeared with a statement an aid had written and thrust into his hand which inveighed against one of the chief provisions of the bill—Section V, permitting adjustment of wages upward above the 40-cent minimum. To correct that *faux pas* Sidney Hillman rushed to the committee with a fervid plea for the higher wage provision, but the damage had been done. The bill, as it was reported, had none of the provisions which Hillman hoped would be used to improve a large number of textile wages instead of just a few. Neither did it contain the ban against Southern differentials which Lewis wanted.

The A. F. of L., while apparently friendly to the bill, secretly has been sabotaging it. It has dark suspicions of the whole thing because it thinks the legislation was instigated by the C. I. O. This isn't true, but so vindictive are the Federation moguls that anything bearing C. I. O. approval automatically incurs their hatred. William Green, yessing and no-ing with characteristic pomposity, bestowed his pontifical blessing on the measure at the committee hearings, but the zeal with which the A. F. of L. usually lobbies its bills through Congress has been missing. In fact behind the scenes the Federation's official Congressional lobbyist has been sniping at the bill.

Members of the Senate Labor Committee were not slow to recognize this apathy or to take advantage of it by stripping the bill down to a shadow. To please the President, the committee members agreed to a wage-hour bill, but they saw no point in courting employer wrath if there was to be no corresponding gain in labor favor.

The second handicap under which the legislation labors is the threat of protracted debate on the Supreme Court issue. One of the principal objectives of Supreme Court reform is to insure permanence of a wage-hour law, but that fact will not prevent Congress from shelving the bill and stampeding for home if it gets a chance. The longer the Senate fight over the court measure lasts, the more the wage-hour bill's chance of passage dwindles. On the other hand if the court bill should be defeated, directly or by being sent back to committee, action on the wage-hour bill would be futile, for its fate depends on a change of the collective judicial heart.

Finally the death of William P. Connery, chairman of the House Labor Committee, was a body blow to the wage-hour bill. If Connery had lived the measure might already have been passed by the House. He knew the subject backward and forward, was wholeheartedly for the legislation, and would have lost no time in getting it onto the floor. His death brought to the committee chairmanship, through the rule of seniority, Mrs.

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Mary T. Norton, henchman of the egregious, refulgent, and anti-labor boss Frank Hague of Jersey City. What Mrs. Norton doesn't know about the wage-hour bill would fill volumes. Administration leaders tried to dissuade her from taking the chairmanship but she insisted on her seniority rights. Their forebodings about her were well founded. Committee members are reporting that she has been secretly urging them to shelve the bill for "further study."

With Mrs. Norton's succession, the Administration had to reshuffle its whole plan of strategy. Instead of taking the lead in the House Committee it had to switch to the Senate Labor Committee. Unless the House Committee swings into line promptly and gets the bill onto the floor there is not likely to be any wage-hour legislation this year.

The Supreme Court fight makes up in zest what the wage-hour engagement lacks. So far the Administration definitely has the upper hand. It started the floor combat with a bang and has maintained an aggressive, hard-hitting offensive ever since, striking out this way and that with an ardor that has been missing in New Deal attacks this session. Floor Leader Joe Robinson, whether stung by the criticism on his desertion of Roosevelt in the relief fight, or for some other reason, has been on top of the ball and hitting hard. He has had excellent support from Senators Hatch, Logan, Guffey, Schwellenbach, Minton, and others. All have been merciless in exposing the hypocrisy of the opposition's arguments.

One of the principal weaknesses of the opposition is its oversupply of leaders. It has more prima donnas than the Metropolitan Opera Company. Several, such as "Kemal Pasha" Vandenberg and Bennett Clark, cherish presidential ambitions. Burke of Nebraska is an incorrigible grandstander and Burt Wheeler has so far abandoned his one-time liberalism as to consort openly with Alice Longworth, Frank Kent, and other reactionary storm troopers. None of the group is personally liked in the Senate and their malice is so great that other Senators are wary of them. Moreover, the opposition is badly split on the question of strategy. Old-timers like Borah and McNary are opposed to a filibuster. They contend it exposes the weakness of their position and, more serious, is certain to alienate public support. They want to center their efforts on a move to send the court bill back to committee. The maneuver admittedly is a last-ditch plan. It is their hope that the worthy Democrats who don't quite dare vote against Roosevelt and yet are against the bill will take this way out of their dilemma.

In the other camp is a group of amateur die-hards who see in a filibuster a chance for notoriety. Senator Joe O'Mahoney is representative of still another group. He is opposed to the court plan but he is also opposed to a filibuster or a move to recommit. As a member of the Judiciary Committee he had to take a stand and he wants his colleagues to have to take their medicine, too.

The Administration's plan is to let debate run until the end of the month, meanwhile making things as tough as possible for the opposition by recessing from day to day, so that no Senator may speak more than twice, and enforcing all other rules usually honored in the breach. At the end of three weeks or so it will start pressing for a vote. It has a majority of the Senate and is sure to win on the Logan compromise if it can wear out the opposition and force a vote. Filibusters in the past have been successful only at the end of a session, when adjournment was fixed by law or when trunks had been packed and there was no holding the boys. Neither condition prevails now. There is no limit to the session, and if the Administration will be tough enough it can smash a filibuster. It has the votes, and the opposition knows it. There is every indication at present that in the end they'll be counted.

Running the International Blockade

BY ALBERT WEISBORD

THE international control over Spain was established with the ostensible purpose of isolating the Spanish war through cutting off volunteers and rigidly checking the shipment of all supplies. How unevenly this control works to the ultimate detriment of the Spanish republic has already been reported by numerous witnesses. Jay Allen, for example, writing for Esquire Features, stated in a dispatch published on May 11:

> Over eastward, near republican Spain, it's tough. This correspondent's car was stopped and searched six times after he entered the twenty-kilometer control zone. One morning he drove to Dancharia on the rebel border and was not stopped until he was within twenty feet of a Carlist sentinel.

For anyone who tries to get into the left-controlled side of Spain there are almost insuperable difficulties to overcome. Even Norman Thomas found this out when he tried to enter legally. As for penetrating illegally, the chances are many to one that it cannot be done. Thousands of soldiers stand guard at the border. They watch the sea. They patrol the mountain passes, even the ones used by expert smugglers. They search every village, every tavern. Each week, at the border near Andorra or Perpignan, many arrests are reported, sometimes running as high as one hundred and fifty or two hundred. But no such arrests take place on the western border of Spain, where only reactionary sympathizers cross. Although the opinion is current that the French People's Front govern-

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ment favors the cause of democratic Spain, there is ample evidence, supported by my own experience, that if such favoritism exists it is certainly kept well under cover when it is a question of permitting left adherents to enter the Iberian peninsula.

Naturally anti-fascist forces in France conspire to defeat the effort of the French government and the international control. In many cities of France committees have been set up to aid republican Spain. Some are controlled by the parties represented in the People's Front, others by Anarcho-Syndicalists and other working-class factions opposed to the People's Front. Whatever struggles may exist between these sets of forces in Spain, I have found that the French committees cooperate to a certain point. At the important towns near the southern border of France the committees are links in an underground railway relaying left adherents into Spain.

Although the illegal methods of getting into Spain are many and ingenious, it is virtually impossible at the present time for any mass of volunteers to pass over the French border. The Mediterranean might appear an obvious route, but fascist vessels are warned in advance and make this trip exceedingly difficult, as was demonstrated by the torpedoing of the *City of Barcelona,* in which over one hundred persons lost their lives, including fifty Americans.

At one time the anti-fascist committees tried the daring scheme of sending a large mass of volunteers straight through the French guard, with the idea that, since the French soldiers are instructed not to shoot, only a few could be stopped. Such tactics, however, can be used successfully only once or twice. Now all the approaches are so well guarded for many miles in advance of the border, and the trains are so closely watched, that it would be impossible for several hundred men to be mobilized and concentrated in any part of southern France near the frontier without the authorities being fully aware of the situation.

Despite all these obstacles, however, if the individual Loyalist sympathizer wants to put up with a bit of hardship and is ready to take the risk of being arrested, there is always a chance of slipping through. It is still possible to find a friendly fisherman who will row you across some dark night from one point in France to another point in Spain. There still exist devoted friends of the cause who know difficult mountain passes not too familiar to the soldiery. Then there are dark railroad tunnels through which one can grope one's way despite the guards—a harrowing experience warranted to give one nightmares afterward.

Some have used the dare-devil method of racing the guard to the border. The road is a winding one that twists and turns just before the car that carries you to the border has to stop. You jump off your car at the point immediately before the last turn in the road where you would be seen by the guards. You run as fast as you can the several hundred yards of rough country hillside till you reach a point where the road has wound around and crossed the Spanish line. There, if you have beaten the French guards who by this time have seen you running up the hill, you may possibly be able to persuade the Spanish soldiers, often headed by officers who by no means love the proletarian leftist and would secretly like to cooperate with France in barring all reds, to let you stay in Spain and go on your way.

If you don't like to run you might try to walk across the frontier *via* the little village of "X" that stands astride the border, one part being in France, the other in Spain. This method calls for considerable histrionic ability. You arrive in the village one fine morning armed with papers showing you to be a respectable business man, preferably French, working for a firm shipping supplies into Spain. A shipment is supposed to be awaiting your attention there, and when hours pass and your stuff fails to show up you fume and fret in the cafes that line the road. You take good care to denounce the "damned Anarchists" to all and sundry, so as to ingratiate yourself with the "impartial" international control and the business men of the village. By the time late afternoon arrives, when the highway is extraordinarily busy with the loading and unloading of goods for the customs inspection, you casually ask to be permitted to telephone to some place in Spain from the Spanish side. You are so dressed that no one would possibly suspect that you want to leave France for good. Once having crossed the heavily guarded road to enter the cafe on the Spanish side, it is not necessary for you to return. France can see you no more. You can then go out by the back way, through devious side paths, until you reach the Spanish soldiers at the other side of the border.

The legal difficulties created by the People's Front government of France find a sinister counterpart in the activities of the French Admiralty operating under this same government. French consuls and naval officers working together have made it extraordinarily easy for fascists fleeing the Spanish government to get out of the eastern side of the country in order to pass through France and reenter on the western side controlled by France. Nor do the French Admiralty or consulates care whether they violate French law, Spanish law, or the rules of the International Control Commission to accomplish their end of aiding Spanish fascism. They extend their most cordial welcome to such reactionaries, give them favored treatment, and furnish them with consular escorts so that those in flight can pass through France, even though they may have no passports. These things I saw with my own eyes.

In the beginning of June I decided to get out of Barcelona into France as an evacuated refugee, that is, to get the permission of the French consul to take the French boat, *Imetherie II,* which each week sails from Marseilles to Barcelona to take out refugees who wish to leave Spain. The ship is under the watchful eyes of two representatives of the control commission who hoist their white pointed flag with two balls for all to see. I was interested to watch how the international control actually worked and what took place under the guise of evacuation.

Those who took the boat were, in the main, people who were afraid to leave Catalonia by train, who were friendly to the republic and therefore feared, whether

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justifiably or not, that they would be taken off and arrested. Under the protection of various foreign consulates in Barcelona thousands of rightist elements have been evacuated who knew that once outside the protection of these foreign flags in Barcelona their lot would not be an easy one. Most of the refugees on the trip I made were former nuns, pale, timid creatures, bewildered and plainly incapable of adjusting themselves to the stern realities of the life they had found outside their cloisters. Mingled with the nuns were a few families of the business class that had lost their all in the revolution and wanted to get out. Then there were others.

That these prospective passengers were suspect to the Spanish authorities was made very plain, once we had entered the pier and come before the customs men. Most of the voyagers, playing safe, were traveling light. But I, not having been warned, had a big suitcase and plenty of literature, including a map of Spain, pictures of the victims of the recent bombardment in Barcelona, and similar material. In my pockets, too, were military notes I had taken at the Aragon front, notes of interviews with some of the commanders at the Aragon headquarters. It was a jittery moment for me when the customs officials, searching my baggage, came upon this stuff plus a tourist's map which had been put out by a German company and, linking all this with my German name, decided to put me down for a German spy. Had they found the military notes I doubt whether I could now be writing this article. As it was, I had to spend some harrowing minutes before I got by the last inspection, with my military notes still safe, having convinced the Spanish republican officials I was not an enemy of the Spanish left but its friend.

I was one of the first passengers to board the *Imetherie II,* but I found ahead of me a faultlessly dressed passenger who, I am certain, had not passed through the customs. This individual was already ensconced in the best cabin in the ship. I should point out that the only accommodations for some 350 refugees who were to overcrowd the ship for the night trip were miserable bunks of straw in a filthy, unventilated freight hold. Knowing what sort of bunk had been given to me, I became all the more interested in this favored passenger.

Walking around the ship, I knocked into the delegates of the International Control Commission, an Englishman and a Dutchman. The British representative, I soon discovered, was a member of the British Naval Reserve. He evidently conceived his job on the commission as a fine opportunity to do some spying for the British Admiralty. His chief concern was the identity of every vessel, especially every ship of war, to be found in Mediterranean and Barcelona waters. The Dutch member, however, took his duties conscientiously. A newcomer, he was worried about the fact that the captain of the ship was not making him very welcome. Things looked rather suspicious, he confided to me.

It was the Dutch member of the commission who informed me of the manner in which the interesting passenger had come aboard. Before the *Imetherie II* had reached Barcelona harbor, a French destroyer had stopped the boat and placed this passenger on board. Thus his presence was unknown to the Spanish authorities. While the stolid Dutchman was puzzling over the question, I made up my mind to do a bit of sleuthing of my own.

I was soon in conversation with the stranger. He told me that he was a "special aid" of the British consul at Alicante. But when I questioned the British member of the control I learned there was no British consul at Alicante and that such small consulates never had "special aids." What was more suspicious was the fact that this "British aid" could speak no English and, although a Spaniard, had no passport of any kind. Later he unburdened the real facts. He was the son of a very wealthy aristocratic family now fleeing republican Spain. With the help of the French consul he had been able to get on board a French warship and then had been transferred to the refugee ship, since it would create a scandal for the French Navy to disembark private passengers. The French consul would take care of him and see that he got off all right at Marseilles. Once in France, he would go to the west coast, and from Bayonne would enter fascist Spain to help Franco.

I made it my business to check all these facts. Sure enough, as the boat docked at Marseilles and the immigration authorities came on board, one of the French consuls who had traveled on the boat with us took this stranger in first of all and made a special plea for him. He was then given a special pass for debarkation, and as I got off the boat at the same time he did, he asked me to help him find the prefecture of police. I accompanied him to the prefecture and saw that it took only a short time to fix him up with the papers necessary to stay and travel in France, to enter England if he so desired (London is the center of Spanish monarchical intrigue), or to go to the Franco side of Spain.

But he was not the only one the officials aided. As the *Imetherie II* steamed out of the harbor of Barcelona, it was stopped, and again a French warship drew alongside. This time six more passengers were deposited. All of them were well within the draft age; all of them, like the first one, were Spanish and were thus violating Spanish laws in fleeing the country. All of them were extremely reactionary in their views, as I found in conversations with them, and, with the help of the French Admiralty, most of whose officers are members of the fascist *Action Française,* were on their way to join the rebel side.

There was such a glaring contrast between this situation and the one that had confronted me when I had tried to enter leftist Spain that I determined to take up the matter with the representatives of the control commission on board the boat. But the British member declared his job was only to prevent the entrance of volunteers into Spain, not to report the escape of fascists from the leftists. If the French Admiralty violated the laws of France and of Spain that was not his business. If these favored refugees wanted to get into Spain on the other side, that was for the control in western France to worry about. The Dutchman wanted to help but felt he could not if the British member would not cooperate. And so the matter rested.

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Save the Arts Projects

BY ELIZABETH McCAUSLAND

THE Renaissance lasted three centuries, the Age of Pericles and the Augustan Age each a half century; for the "cultural birth of a nation" our government allows less than two years. With drastic cuts in the Federal Arts Projects effective July 15, the arts in America are on their way back where they came from, to the status which made necessary the WPA and white-collar projects.

Yet already the Four Arts Projects have been justified. Since its first performance, February 1, 1936, the Federal Theater has played to more than 25,000,000, 87 per cent free and 13 per cent paid admissions. From October, 1935, to May 1, 1937, almost 60,000,000 persons have listened to 81,000 performances of WPA music units, many of them in orphanages, hospitals, community centers, parks, playgrounds, and churches. Besides murals, easel paintings, sculptures, and prints allocated to public buildings, the Federal Art Project has reached the public through its art teaching and through thirty federal art galleries and art centers established in Tennessee, Alabama, the Carolinas, Oklahoma, Florida, Utah, Wyoming, and New Mexico, all in communities where there were none before. More than a million people visited these centers and galleries in one year. The Federal Writers Project, handicapped by lack of publishing outlets, has not yet contacted its widest audience. It is expected, however, that the state guides will have at least 2,000,000 circulation.

In "Government Aid During the Depression to Professional, Technical and Other Service Workers," Jacob Baker, assistant to WPA Administrator Harry Hopkins, wrote: "It is only a wide popular participation in artistic activities of any kind that keeps the arts genuinely alive." By this test, the Federal Arts Projects have justified themselves. Nevertheless there has been incessant pressure to reduce expenditures for the arts. Critics argue that to employ 40,000 persons for fourteen months cost the government $46,000,000; and is art worth it? So the cuts continue, because of the Administration's failure to press for adequate appropriations.

In the Federal Theater, employing at the peak more than 13,000, 31 per cent of the personnel has been dismissed throughout the country, and Delaware, Rhode Island, Nebraska, and Texas no longer have a theater. This slash is characteristic of what has happened in the drought lands of American culture. Yet it was the hope of the Federal Theater Administration to build a theater belonging to the people. Indeed, it did so; witness the attendance of 14,000 children at one federal circus matinee—free. Or take Valley, Nebraska—population 1,000—where 800 men, women, and children tried to attend the Federal Theater performance; some had ridden 25 and 30 miles to get there. They wrote begging that the company be permitted to settle down there. But the Nebraska unit was wiped out. As regards community drama work, in New York City alone there are over 1,000 non-professional groups, attended each week by between 25,000 and 34,000 adults and children, which have given over 1,500 plays. All over the United States, in communities so remote and unprivileged that even "the road" had passed them by, this work has gone on.

On the creative side, New York offers outstanding successes, the "Living Newspaper," "Macbeth," "Dr. Faustus," "Murder in the Cathedral," and others, while the simultaneous opening in 18 cities of 21 productions of Sinclair Lewis's anti-fascist "It Can't Happen Here" was a major event in the American theater. In four months it played to 275,000 persons, grossing $80,000 at an average of 30 cents. "Macbeth," the Negro theater's Shakespeare improvisation, gave 144 performances to a total audience of 120,000, touring 4,000 miles, to close at the Texas centennial.

With metropolitan successes have gone important services to the stage, the revival of "the road" through 150 resident companies in 27 states, the revival of repertory, and the revival—notably in Los Angeles—of stage hits of ten, fifteen, and twenty years ago, such as "Potash and Perlmutter," "The Fool," "Madame X," "The Goose Hangs High," and "Ladies of the Jury," a great aid to students of the evolving American drama. The "Living Newspaper," a montage of cinema, stage, and political rally, is a definite contribution in form.

Of great value, though little advertised, has been the work of the bureaus of research and publication in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Birmingham, Seattle, and Oklahoma City, cataloguing, card-indexing, and analyzing every play ever performed or published in the United States. The magazine *Federal Theatre,* published in New York, has filled a real need of the American people, treating of the theater in human terms. This publication has been discontinued.

So the Federal Theater, which brought the living stage to millions of Americans who had never seen a flesh-and-blood actor before—only one high-school pupil out of thirty even in New York City has—faces the future seriously crippled. This, despite the fact that it has won the support of playwrights like George Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill, who offered their plays at extraordinarily low royalties because they believe in a federal theater.

"The salvation of the arts," the Federal Art Project has been called by Lewis Mumford. No less enthusiastic is Ambrose Vollard. The exhibition, "New Horizons in

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American Art," at the Museum of Modern Art in September, 1936, offered a visual record of the project's first year and won wide critical approval. There were then over 5,000 on the FAP'S pay rolls. Now almost 600 have been dismissed in New York City alone. Public demand for federal art may be seen in allocations made in New York in 18 months: 134 murals, with 800 separate panels; 4,000 prints; 2,950 easel paintings; 204 sculptures, including busts, panels, plaques, figures, fountains; 200,000 posters for libraries, hospitals, etc.; and the creative photography record, "Changing New York," for the Museum of the City of New York.

The Federal Art Project is notable for art teaching of children centered in New York City, though isolated examples like the work being done in Breathitt County, Kentucky, and in Hawthorne, New York, show what could be done elsewhere. In New York 30,000 children attend painting and modeling classes.

The use of art in mental hygiene is only beginning. At Bellevue Hospital in New York City art teaching is used for diagnosis, while at Hawthorne-Cedar Knolls it is used both diagnostically and therapeutically. Both theater and music have also been useful, the Federal Theater giving performances at Bellevue and the Federal Music Project working at the hospital and also at the House of Detention. Such experiments, though unfortunately confined to New York City, point the direction for other communities.

The Index of American Design, set up to record applied arts in our American tradition, ferrets out, collates, and makes accessible source materials in the field of design. The Shaker portfolio, the Pennsylvania German data, and the colored plates already produced in New Mexico of local textiles, hand-carved chests, and folk lore are invaluable. How the projects can be integrated is shown by the Community Playhouse in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where the building was erected by WPA engineers, the drapes woven by WPA women in Colonial Mexican designs, the furniture made by WPA craftsmen after Colonial period furniture, Mexican tinwork used for indirect lighting by WPA artisans, and murals of New Mexican scenes painted by WPA artists.

Music for music's sake has been the aim of the Federal Music Project. Founded because of the interpretative musician's plight, its emphasis has been on performance and on teaching, although through the Composers Forum Laboratory new music by contemporary Americans like Roy Harris, Aaron Copland, Howard Hanson, Roger Sessions, and Virgil Thomson has been given a hearing, while 4,000 other compositions by 1,400 American composers have been presented. Chiefly the FMP has given music back to the people, as the Federal Theater has given back the living stage. Thus it is not uncommon to hear Brahms wafted by a string quartette from the backyard garden of a settlement house.

An important activity of the project has been recording the folk music of America. Early Mexican, Texas plains and border, Acadian and Creole songs in Louisiana, bayou songs of the Mississippi delta, Kentucky hills folk songs, white and Negro spirituals from the Carolinas, settlers' songs and songs of Indian origin from Oklahoma, early Spanish songs from California, liturgical music from California missions, songs sung by the Penitentes of New Mexico, are a few of the types. Here, too, is aid for those seeking the American tradition.

Music teaching has been carried on by the group method rather than individually. Weekly throughout the United States 1,300 teachers have met with 200,000 students, aged 6 to 75. In Mississippi the classes number 70,000, in Oklahoma 300,000. Before the Federal Music Project's creation two-thirds of the 4,000,000 children in 143,000 rural schools were without music instruction. In New York City weekly attendance is 60,000; and in nine months prior to April 1, 1937, the total was almost 8,000,000. Participation of the Music Project in National Music Week is another instance of usefulness. Of the 13,300 musicians then on the rolls 11,000 took part in New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Detroit, California, Mississippi, Minnesota, and Oklahoma. Now this project has had lopped off a fourth of its man-power.

Least favorably situated has been the Federal Writers Project, smallest in numbers employed (about 4,000), and seriously handicapped by lack of outlets for its work. Even so, it has in print or in press 32 of the state guides, which are its most ambitious undertaking, a job of writing expected to win at least 2,000,000 readers in the 48 states. The impact of literature is not as easy to evaluate statistically as theater, concert, or gallery attendance. Nevertheless in a window display at project headquarters on East Forty-Second Street, New York City, almost two score titles are shown, including the best seller "Who's Who in the Zoo" and four small magazines published by project workers on their own time and with their own funds. The state guides are a collective adventure in that rediscovery of America which has been going on now for a decade. There are to be separate volumes for each state, Puerto Rico, and the principal cities—in all a total of 20,000,000 words, later to be condensed into six regional guides, the volumes to sell for about $2.00. Washington, D. C., and Idaho guides, already published, have won much favorable comment.

Collateral are the survey of federal archives and the historical records survey, which have salvaged valuable public documents. Folk heroes have also been unearthed, such as the New York fireman Mose Humphrey, a worthy companion of Paul Bunyan and John Henry. And a history of the Negro in America has been begun.

Such are the Federal Arts Projects in outline. "One of the gains of the federal work program," wrote Mr. Baker, "has been in its progressive revelation to the American public of the economic significance of cultural activities, which, instead of being luxuries that can be dispensed with, are enrichments of our lives, and material as well as spiritual enrichments." The Roosevelt Administration is dispensing with these enrichments, pleading recovery and economy. Yet in a conference in Washington June 25 with a delegation from New York, Aubrey Williams, assistant

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WPA administrator, admitted that the only solution of the cultural workers' problem is to establish a permanent arts project, since private industry and private patronage will never absorb these workers. To this end, the unions of the four arts projects are urging a permanent Bureau of Fine Arts, functioning independently under the President. By recognizing the arts' identity of interest and by consolidating administrative duties, pay-roll economies can be accomplished. On the other hand, the economic rights of the worker will be safeguarded, and artist control guaranteed. After the present crisis has been mastered, the next step must be to push this bill.

Gadsden Is Tough

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

Gadsden, Alabama, July 5

THE strike wave which has engulfed a large portion of the industrial areas of the United States in the past few months has not touched Gadsden. Well-to-do members of the community will tell you that this is because Gadsden workers are satisfied and will not tolerate outside agitators telling them how to run their affairs. More realistic observers will suggest that Gadsden has developed a technique which makes it unhealthy for its workers to show signs of dissatisfaction with wages or working conditions. For Gadsden may lay claim to being the toughest labor city in the United States.

Other cities have had riots, occasional shootings, and sporadic vigilante activity. But the reign of terror which has been maintained in the employers' interest in this small Southern town has not been spontaneous or sporadic. It has been well organized, coolly carried out, and incomparably efficient—so effective, according to local newspapermen, that it cannot possibly be overcome. On three separate occasions during the past thirteen months, labor organizers have been mercilessly beaten on the streets in the very heart of the city, twice in broad daylight. Other beatings, less public in character, have been an almost weekly occurrence. In addition the C. I. O. was charged with complicity in the bombing of a theater in nearby Attalla some weeks ago, and even more recently three C. I. O. members who were arrested with dynamite in their car were accused of plotting to blow up the automobile owned by the head of Goodyear's company union.

On the invitation of the local labor unions, a committee of prominent ministers, writers, and teachers, primarily from the South but including a few from the North, has been in Gadsden for three days investigating the alleged reign of terror. The committee has made every effort to conduct a fair and impartial survey of the situation. Officers of the company, city officials, and other observers have been asked to present their testimony along with that of the workers.

But the well-to-do portion of Gadsden has not exactly welcomed an investigation of its formula for maintaining labor peace. The members of the committee were shadowed whenever they went out. On the opening day of the hearings the City Commission issued a blistering statement which declared that the commission did not believe that the committee was "interested in the welfare of the community," and which ended very dramatically by asking why the group was devoting its attention to "this law-abiding community" and overlooking the opportunity of investigating conditions in many cities of the North and East. One of the members of the city commission assured the chairman of the committee that there was no trouble whatsoever in Gadsden, but added a moment later that he could not be responsible for the safety of the committee if it chose to carry out its investigation. The commission refused to grant permission for a public meeting of the committee in the municipal auditorium, and dug up an ordinance forbidding the distribution of handbills without a license to prevent the announcement of an open-air meeting. Yet the town is littered with bills announcing a speech which the mayor delivered yesterday lauding "peace, prosperity, and happiness." One of the larger hotels turned away several members of the committee because it had no riot insurance. Even the bricklayers' union, in whose hall the first day's hearings were conducted, found it advisable to withdraw its hospitality on succeeding days!

A few years ago Gadsden was little different from any other Southern town of thirty to forty thousand population. While never fully organized, it had more than a score of unions which were reasonably active. A general strike was staged in 1922 without undue violence. But there have been no strikes since 1934. About two years ago the three principal manufacturing concerns in the city—the Goodyear Rubber Company, the Gulf States Steel Company (recently acquired by the Republic Steel Corporation), and the Dwight Manufacturing Company (a textile factory)—began to take active steps to prevent the unionization guaranteed by New Deal legislation. Company unions were organized and a number of notorious thugs were imported as company guards.

The new anti-union offensive was formally launched on June 4, 1936, when Sherman H. Dalrymple, international president of the United Rubber Workers, attempted to address a meeting of Goodyear employees in the courthouse. Newly organized "squad men" from the Goodyear plant broke up the meeting and beat up Dalrymple while he was in the personal custody of the sheriff.

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That worthy gentleman made no effort to protect his charge beyond saying, "Never mind, boys, we will take care of him."

Angered by the attack on their president, the rubber workers' union sent Gadsden eight of its toughest and most effective organizers. Headquarters were opened near one of the main corners of the city, a stone's throw from the police station. At one o'clock in the afternoon of June 25, about four days after their arrival, these headquarters were attacked by a mob of 250 Goodyear employees. They were completely wrecked, and the eight men who happened to be inside, including four of the "tough" organizers, were cruelly beaten. Although the police had been notified of the impending attack more than a half hour before it actually occurred, they failed to arrive until the job had been completed. Thereupon they arrested the eight victims and forcibly escorted them out of the city. No criminal action was ever instituted against any of the attacking squadron, although many were identified. A civil suit brought by one of the union men encountered cold hostility in the courts and was lost despite the fact that one of the defendants admitted being a member of the mob. When called before the La Follette committee, Mr. Michaels, superintendent of the Goodyear plant, admitted that 150 men had left the factory about noon on June 25 and had not returned until 3 o'clock. But he declared that he had instructed the foreman to stop them, and, failing this, that he had given strict orders that they should be docked for the time spent in extra-mural activities. However, pay-roll sheets showed that the men who had been identified as members of the mob drew a full day's pay.

If we are to credit the testimony of more than a score of Gadsden workers who appeared before the investigating committee, the attack on the rubber organizers was only the beginning of organized terrorism. Men were beaten up on almost any pretext, and frequently for no very obvious reason. One worker was attacked on May 31 and injured so severely that he was forced to remain in bed a week, merely because he refused to join the Gulf State-Republic company union. Another worker, employed at the Goodyear plant for seven and one-half years, was beaten so badly on June 7 of this year that he lost nine teeth, apparently because he refused to sign a statement declaring that working conditions are entirely satisfactory. There have been other cases even more serious, but in most such instances the testimony has been heard in private, since the victims fear that their lives would be put in jeopardy if any inkling of their testimony reached the public. Several witnesses have insisted that they were followed to the union hall when they came to appear before the committee.

In most parts of the country the Supreme Court decision upholding the Wagner Act has served to check company gangsterism. But not so in Gadsden. Practically all of the witnesses have agreed that validation of the Wagner Act was the signal for redoubled vigilance against unionism, particularly against the hated C. I. O. It happens that Gadsden is one of the few towns in the country where the local labor council makes no distinction between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. But the employers insist that they are opposed only to the C. I. O., and that they have no quarrel with the A. F. of L. The distinction, however, has apparently not been made clear to the "guard men," because the great majority of the workers who have been beaten up have been A. F. of L. members.

The latest outrage occurred just two weeks ago tonight, on June 21. That morning a report had gone around the city that five C. I. O. organizers had arrived to unionize the plant of the Republic Steel Company. Rumor had it that these men were staying in the Reich Hotel, the city's most impressive hostel. About five o'clock in the afternoon a crowd of tough-looking characters began to congregate around all the exits to the hotel. Local newspapermen were tipped off to hang around and see the fun. A few minutes after five, two strangers came downstairs and walked up the main street. The "squad men" followed, cursing because three of the men had presumably gotten away.

When the two strangers were finally revived in a nearby drug store, they were identified as Dowell E. Patterson, representative of the International Typographical Union from Charleston, South Carolina, and the secretary of the Gadsden local of the same union. It was merely an unfortunate case of mistaken identity; no C. I. O. organizers had actually arrived.

Of course, physical violence is not resorted to with every rank-and-file union member. All of the conventional weapons used against unions elsewhere are also employed here. Scores of union members have been discharged on one pretext or another, usually a false one. Threats have been more frequent, and probably more effective, than actual violence. There is evidence that an extensive espionage system is maintained through the various company unions. The newspapers cooperate by emphasizing the fact that all Gadsden workers are satisfied with their conditions. For many of the mountaineers who have crowded into Gadsden in recent years to work in the new factories the average wage of 30 cents an hour, or $12 a week, may indeed seem like an adequate sum. But the fact remains that $12 a week really goes little further, if any, in Gadsden than in similar small towns of the North. And the wage is markedly lower than is paid by the same companies for corresponding work in Akron or Youngstown, where unions at least have a fighting chance.

At the moment the forces opposing Gadsden labor appear overwhelmingly strong, so much so that many sympathetic observers insist that any attempt by outsiders, whether by the government or unofficial groups like the present investigating committee, can only lead to a more crushing suppression of labor activity, possibly involving the sacrifice of hundreds of lives. If Gadsden could in some manner be isolated from the rest of the United States, as the local officials would desire, this might indeed be true. But it is impossible to believe that the forces which are at work elsewhere in the country will not eventually affect the deep South. The workers are determined to prevent a second secession from the Union.

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After Chautemps, What?

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, June 27

AFTER a year and fortnight in office the Blum government—the first ministry of the Popular Front and the first in the history of France to be headed by a Socialist—was forced to retire by an adverse vote in the Senate over finance. The voters cannot yet believe their eyes and ears. Not only the Socialist voters, who take it hardest, but all those who less than two years ago took the solemn oath to stand together, who subsequently went to the polls to keep the faith, and after the magnificent victory were assured that the government of their choice would stay where the will of the people had put it until the last fragment of the Popular Front program was converted into law.

They understand it all the less in that, on the surface, nothing has changed. They, the people, still stand solidly behind the majority they returned to the Chamber of Deputies (the only body they were consulted about, the only one they are ever consulted about), and that majority has held together beyond Léon Blum to the last. The Senate? But that is a chamber of "old beards" elected by limited and indirect suffrage. For over a year it has obediently eaten out of the hand of the lower house, unresistingly passing all the legislation submitted to it, until everyone was sure that it never again would dare upset a ministry willed by the voters.

Not only that. Outside parliament the Popular Front functions as loyally as ever. In numerous by-elections of recent date the four constituent parties have worked together with the same solidarity as in April and May of last year. On the very day the thunderbolt fell several municipalities and Paris districts elected Popular Front councils, and in the suburb of St. Denis the would-be fascist chief Jacques Doriot, despite his "Liberty Front" and the support of the Louis Marin group, was eliminated from his own stronghold by a smashing defeat in the very first poll.

How then could the Senate dare? The voters had for a year been told, and had believed, that "something had been changed in France" since May, 1936.

What is most puzzling is that Blum—the most courageous premier France has had in decades—submits. Constitutionally and by tradition he should have stayed where he was. President Lebrun (Ah, but he is an ex-Senator, a former president of the Senate even.) should have called on him, or at least on a Socialist, to form the new government. But Blum not only does not resist. He pleads with the National Council of his party, summoned by telegraph, not to insist on the point and to permit their deputies to enter the Chautemps government. He explains why: the country cannot now be exposed to the tumult of a general election, and since the Radicals have loyally shared the responsibilities of office with the Socialists, these cannot fairly refuse them a like cooperation. What he leaves to the imagination is that without support on their left the Radicals would have no choice but to turn to the center and the right. And that would mean the end of the Popular Front.

The National Council by a huge majority follows its leader's advice. In the back of its head, and in the back of the voters' heads too, the hope lingers that after Chautemps Blum will come back. One need not be a black pessimist to feel that, short of new elections (or revolution), it is a very faint hope.

Camille Chautemps has twice been Premier of France. The first time he lasted one day, the second a few months. Not because of his record but because of his personality and his political line he is essentially the transition leader. He sweeps away the left and clears the decks for the national union. His enthusiasm for the Popular Front is most lukewarm. In his very first public statement he called his ministry a government of *"rassemblement républicain"* (instead of *rassemblement populaire*). What with Sarraut and Queuille and Bonnet in his team, he could scarcely do otherwise. He promises to leave untouched the reforms of his predecessor but is somewhat vague about the unexecuted part of the program.

The Senate will doubtless vote him (or rather Bonnet) the plenary powers it has refused Blum and Auriol. But the stock exchange is not reassured, and the gold of the Bank of France continues to cross the Channel or go to Switzerland. At this writing it seems likely that drastic measures will have to be taken against the speculators (an embargo on gold?). If this occurs Chautemps will improve the treasury situation, reconquer confidence, and thus leave a better heritage for his successors. Who these will be depends upon whether the workers come out of their lethargy and react. And that in turn will depend on what line the Communists adopt. Thus far Thorez, like Blum, has counseled calm.

With Chautemps at the helm it's the "Stavisky gang" that comes back. But one would hardly guess it from reading the right press, or from conversing with conservative neighbors. In 1934 Chautemps was the ringleader of a band of thieves that rifled the public treasury, the chief of the mafia, the assassin of the "honest judge" Prince. But much water has passed under the bridge in the interval. Today M. Camille Chautemps, Premier of France, has saved the republic from Socialist chaos and incompetence; he has snatched the state from the grasp of Marxist revolutionaries to restore it to the parties of order.

The Communists, too, have grown in these three years —not merely in numbers but in wisdom and self-discipline. In January, 1934, they lumped radicals and con-

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servatives together and consigned them to "the same garbage can," and on the Place de la Concorde their followers echoed the Croix de Feu's shouts of "Down with the thieves!" In 1937 they see in Chautemps merely the head of the second Popular Front ministry and vote him their confidence—with a good deal more fervor, one feels, than they felt for Blum.

Even the new finance minister is welcomed to the left fold by Messrs. Thorez and Cachin. Yet M. Bonnet has never made any secret of his unfriendly sentiments toward the Popular Front. He is a Radical of the same temper as Caillaux and the Senate majority. He too was tarred by *Humanité* three years ago with the Stavisky brush. In the devaluation debate last September he openly sided with the right against the government. But then the Communists themselves were not enthusiastically for that measure, and though supporting the government deemed it necessary to explain that they voted not for devaluation but for the integrity of the Popular Front.

To those who have followed the progress of the Third International in the U. S. S. R., in Spain, and in France these evolutions of the French Communists are not wholly unintelligible. Some other incidents, per contra, remain mysterious. How explain, for instance, Duclos's offer on behalf of his party to assume his share of responsibility in a government drawn more nearly in the image of the Popular Front (i.e., with a few portfolios distributed to Communists)? A year ago Blum pleaded with Thorez and his friends to do that very thing, without avail. Had they accepted, Blum's task would not have been so heart-breakingly difficult, and French history these thirteen months might have followed a very different course. Why after refusing it when the Popular Front was flushed with victory, did the Communists demand it when the Popular Front Cabinet was in its agony? And why after having refused participation to a Socialist premier who begged for it, did they offer it to a Radical one who would certainly reject it?

It remains to be said that, Caillaux having forced Blum out, *Humanité* now maintains that Blum should have resisted the assault of the reactionary Senate and refused to go; and that the seventy-two Communists have not made the slightest difficulty about voting plenary financial powers to Chautemps and Bonnet.

We are already beginning to hear disquisitions about Socialist wastefulness and incompetence—the first seeds of a legend that the Treasury deficit and the whole financial mess in which France now finds itself is a heritage of Blum and his confrères. Now it is perhaps true—Socialists themselves do not deny it—that the finance minister was the weakest member of the late Cabinet. He made a serious mistake in not resorting to devaluation earlier, and in not extracting all the possible profit from it when it was made. (But do we know all the obstruction he encountered in the country, in parliament and within the Cabinet itself?) He made a fatal one when, a little intoxicated with the triumph of his five billion National Defense Loan, he followed it almost immediately with another three billion bond issue at the same figure and the same interest rate. But to admit these errors, grave as they may be, is not the same thing as saying that V. Auriol, or the Socialists, or the Popular Front have plunged the country into the present financial crisis.

The French Treasury deficit is a very old story, as old at least as the World War. Governments of every stripe and color have had to tussle with it. But whereas Poincaré and Tardieu, Doumergue and Laval, enjoying the confidence of bankers and bigwigs, lost very little sleep over the problem, it has broken the back of every left government that has tried its hand at a solution—of Herriot in 1926, of Daladier in 1934, and now of Blum. Even a moderate like Flandin found it too much for him, and unless I am much mistaken Chautemps is not likely to fare any better than his Radical and center predecessors.

Senator Caillaux was brutally truthful when he told Blum that as he, Blum, did not have the confidence of the "investing public"—meaning the financial and industrial oligarchy—the plenary powers for which he asked to meet the situation could not be granted him by the staid and responsible upper house. But it was only part of the truth. Another fraction of it is that the crisis was deliberately hatched by the bankers and speculators—by artificially depressing the *rente,* by the massive emigration of capital, and finally by the elimination from the *Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas* of its director, M. Finaly—the last man disposed to come to the aid of the government. In short, Léon Blum, whose term of office began in the midst of a strike of labor, ended in the midst of a strike of capital.

And the remainder of the truth is this: The French Treasury deficit has long ceased to be a purely financial problem and has become instead a political weapon whereby the privileged classes impose their will upon the voting masses, irrespective of what the latter may do at the polls. In this respect the money difficulties of the state are in a class with "the hereditary foe beyond the Rhine" and the antiquated Senate itself—a restraining influence upon those who in the lower chamber might be tempted to go in for radical social or economic reform.

The "French House of Lords" is a very curious institution. Nominally the majority at the Luxembourg, though it calls itself the democratic left, belongs to the Radical-Socialist Party. Owing to its indirect mode of election and its long tenure, the Senate has remained "radical," even though at the last general election the Socialists came out on top in the lower house. But radicalism in France is an elastic label. When one bears in mind that men like Caillaux and Malvy are influential Radical Senators one begins to understand Blum's difficulties there. The Constitution of 1875 deliberately erected the upper house as a kind of American Supreme Court—a brake upon the vagaries and extravagances of manhood suffrage. This function it has faithfully fulfilled. It is the radical Senate that has kept the French woman in subjection to the Napoleonic Code, though the radical chamber has again and again passed bills in favor of woman suffrage. It is the Senate which until last year resolutely set its face against all progressive social legislation.

Nominally, too, the Senate represents the agricultural

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countryside, the majority of its members being the mayors (and political bosses) of the provincial towns and villages. In reality, however, their constituencies are upper bourgeoisie, the feudal lords of industry and finance—in a word, the famous 200 families which despite all revolutions and under all regimes have remained the effective masters of France. There is the ironmaster group, the bank and insurance clique, the railroad delegation, not to mention the coterie of the titled landed artistocracy, and the rest of them. The working-class parties, despite their remarkable gains in the last thirty years, have to this day a bare ten seats in this stronghold of conservatism. It is no wonder that the Socialist platform contains a plank looking to the ultimate abolition of the Senate. The Radicals themselves have long advocated a like reform.

But the Popular Front Chamber majority and M. Blum have only themselves to thank if the Senate's feudal constituency is today in a position to make and unmake cabinets. It lay in the hands of the Blum government to break the grip of the twin incubus upon the Republic, or else to be broken by it. The friends and the press of the Popular Front have for more than a year warned them of these alternatives. The Popular Front program made it a simple duty for them to act and thus redeem their campaign pledges. The nationalization of the trusts—railroads, banks, and natural monopolies—was part of the platform upon which the present majority in the Chamber was elected. They could have made the Senate swallow this reform as surely as they made them swallow the forty-hour week and all the other progressive legislation which overnight raised France from being socially one of the most backward nations in Europe to being the most advanced. But to have triumphed under this head, the government should have acted swiftly—while the Senate and its constituency were paralyzed with terror by the strike wave and the rumors of revolution. It was under the threat of what the Popular Front—fresh and vigorous, and moving under the momentum of its own enthusiasm—might do that privilege and its representatives in the Senate submitted to the sweeping legislation of last year. It was in a mood to submit to a great deal more.

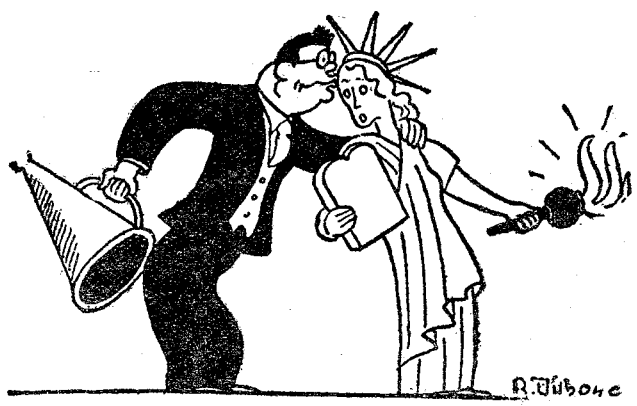
But the Socialists in the government, no doubt restrained by their Radical partners, let the historic moment pass. Instead of going on with their mandate to the end, they sought to placate the enemy, to win his confidence, to show him that they were not the extremists they were painted. To this end they dangled before his nose the reassuring legislation and financial "pause," and while the security of France and the peace of Europe were in the crucible they lulled themselves into imaginary safety by subscribing to the monstrously unreal and one-sided "non-intervention" in Spain. Thenceforward the offensive passed to the foe, and today we see the first fruits of that incredible folly. What are we likely to see tomorrow?

Since the Senate never made a secret of its dislike for the Socialist-led government, the General Confederation of Labor and many of the political and non-political member groups of the Popular Front made ready for possible conflict. Again and again we have heard in the left press, at meetings, on posters, and in the very Chamber that if anyone ever dared to touch the government freely elected by the people, he must be prepared to reckon with the people, with mass resistance, perhaps with a general strike or with revolution.

Today the crisis has come and gone and, in round figures, nothing has happened. There have been protests, a few posters lambasting the Senate, and a very vigorous resolution from the Seine branch of the Socialist Party. The Communists have not budged; not a single strike has broken out that was not scheduled before June 20. And, apart from a minor and very orderly demonstration near the Bastille, the masses have not moved.

Why? The answer seems to be that the change of government was not due to financial difficulties purely—that in the background lurked some new and undefined international danger. Léon Blum himself cryptically alluded to such a possibility on the morning after his resignation and again yesterday. Elsewhere the air is full of rumors and alarums.

I freely confess that I do not know what it is all about. I am aware—but so is everyone else—that Europe is nearer to war than it has been in twenty-three years. But there is nothing either new or undefined about that, and being near war in Europe does not by any means mean that war is imminent. Europe is chronically near to war; nevertheless there are pauses of peace and semi-peace at intervals. I know that "non-intervention" in Spain, unless the powers which have an interest in the *status quo* assert themselves vigorously and swiftly, is fatally leading to war, and so is the economic crisis in Germany and the incipient civil war that is rumbling in Russia. Certainly this is not the time to add oil to the flames by creating disorder in France. But the disorder is already here; the first stone was thrown in the Senate a week ago. Are the democratic forces forever to capitulate because the privileged classes have, in their terror before the advancing new order, set up a gendarme beyond the Rhine to bar the road to revolution? In that case I understand why the reactionaries of France have favored Mussolini in Ethiopia and Hitler in Spain against the patent interests of their own country. And I am beginning to understand what the French workers mean by "external danger blackmail." But I doubt whether the French people are going to let it fool them. I have a suspicion that the last word in the crisis which began June 20 has not yet been said.



Jacques Doriot—the kiss of Judas on "le front de la Liberté."

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Liquidation—American Style

NOTHING indicates more clearly the heat to which the passions of the day have given rise than the prevailing bitterness in some circles against all who dare to differ with John Lewis, the C. I. O., or F. D. Roosevelt in his attacks upon the Supreme Court. I have already pointed out that it is "off with his head" if anybody dares to disagree. If execution is not advocated, then the offender's past, back to his grandfather and great-grandfather, is raked with a fine-tooth comb to prove that at heart the rascal always was a Tory. In any case judgment is immediately passed on him and he is the target of unlimited abuse. He is rigidly liquidated from the ranks of the desirables. His motives are proved as black as those of any Trotskyist, and if we were living in Russia he would be shot at daybreak—loudly announcing his guilt. There is a fury about it all not in accordance with American tradition, but much more in the spirit of a Sicilian vendetta. If the appetite grows with the eating, so the successes of the New Deal and the C. I. O. seem to have aroused a fighting spirit which will not only brook no opposition but seeks to liquidate by aspersion anyone who ventures to dissent.

I am moved to these remarks by various amusing letters of hearty abuse *The Nation* and I have received in connection with my letter on labor, A Letter F. D. R. Ought to Write, in *The Nation* for June 26. That article has been widely reprinted in such dailies as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* the Cleveland *Press,* the Chattanooga *News,* and the *Des Moines Register and Leader,* and has called forth an unusual number of congratulatory and defamatory letters. That is usually a sign that a particular article had some "punch" in it. But I confess I have not been prepared for the revelations of my hideous past which have come to me, especially from a gentleman in San Francisco. He has discovered that, inconceivable as it may seem, in bygone days while helping to edit the New York *Evening Post,* I daily commuted to my task "sitting in the same seat with John D. Rockefeller, Sr.," as a result of which apparently I committed the *Evening Post* to the support of Grover Cleveland's bond issues and his 1894 Pullman action. It's a pity to spoil this explanation of my treachery to labor in 1937, but as it happens I cannot recall ever having talked with Rockefeller, and when the 1894 events took place I, a boy just out of college, was somewhere in Europe.

However good this particular alibi may be, it will not save me from other blows. Here is a man from Washington who says I am "just another Walter Lippmann." That certainly liquidates *me.* Worse than that, from Denton, Texas, comes the word that there is no longer any difference between my writings and those "of such fellow-columnists as Frank Kent and David Lawrence. Mr. Villard's article might well have been an editorial in the *Saturday Evening Post.*" Baltimore, Maryland, has been heard from, too: "I am referring to Oswald Garrison Villard, the last vestiges of whose liberalism are rapidly petering out in a pathetic and discouraging mess of legalistic and muddle-headed sentimentality." So I suppose that those who have written on the other side, including a P. W. A. worker just kicked out of a job, and the editors who have commended the article, are all in the pay of big business. What has particularly infuriated the protestants is that I have insisted that labor must not resort to violence because to do so would alienate innumerable friends. To this the answer is: "It would be advisable for Mr. Villard to take a job in a steel mill and learn at first hand what it feels like to duck a bullet."

Well, the opinion people hold of me is not of importance in such a crisis as we are in. But I am wondering whether the torrents of abuse will now be poured forth upon Governor Earle and Frances Perkins to liquidate them for their recent utterances. Speaking at the mass meeting at Johnstown on the Fourth of July, Governor Earle said to his labor audience: "But if you want to have the public sentiment on your side, you must end all violence." A little later he said: ". . . And I say to you, the second thing to do is for the labor unions also to offer a reward [for the dynamiters] to show the general public that they won't stand for violence of any kind. . . . Don't let violence and the breaking of contracts lose your public sympathy." Frances Perkins not only declares her belief that sit-down strikes are not "lawful, desirable, or appropriate," but adds: "In fact the officers of the department and the secretary have urged union leaders and members not to use the [sit-down] method and to bend every effort to take the men out of a plant where used." She then went on to declare: "I am opposed to the use of force and violence in labor disputes by the employers, as well as the wage-earners. . . ." Plainly these two very distinguished friends of labor have been reached by the "interests."

Well, I may be an apostate too, but I believe that the truest friends of labor are those who give it this advice—never to resort to force. I stick to that belief in the face of the very alarming reports published in the New York *Times* and other New York newspapers of the growth of the vigilante movement among employers, their determination to disobey the Wagner Labor Act and the decision of the Supreme Court upholding it. Labor is not the law-enforcing arm of the government; that power belongs to the duly constituted authorities, however weak or partisan.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

One for Diogenes

INTEGRITY, THE LIFE OF GEORGE W. NORRIS. By Richard L. Neuberger and Stephen B. Kahn. The Vanguard Press. $3.

MESSRS. Neuberger and Kahn, although newcomers in the field of biography, have done a solid and satisfactory job. Their life of Norris is not as dramatic as it might be; nor is it distinguished by far-reaching interpretations of the national currents against which Mr. Norris has swum during all of his political life. But their facts are well marshaled and carefully compiled and they have shown good taste and skill in refusing to worship their hero or to become mere eulogists. Those temptations were surely hard to avoid, because the character of their subject does compel admiration, and because of the absolute, almost unique, fidelity of Senator Norris to his oath and to his conscience. He ought to be today the best-known and best-beloved man in Congress; hence this excellent volume is in every way justified. Had the Senator been a flamboyant, strutting person, he would be much better known than he is. His trouble is that he is not a great orator, only something vastly better, and that he does not go cavorting around the country to speak at every county fair. Instead he has just stuck to his job and earned the unbounded respect and regard of every political observer. Men marvel every time they look at him that here is one man in Washington who would absolutely satisfy Diogenes; who has remained unaffected by political considerations.

The admirable restraint of the two authors is never better shown than in their handling of what remains to my mind the greatest episode in Norris's career. His opposition to American entry into the World War was positively heroic and as an example of lofty and self-sacrificing patriotism is unsurpassed by any other act of personal devotion in our entire legislative history—of course I rank with him the other five Senators who voted against the war. My only regret in connection with the authors' description of his conduct during the period immediately before the World War is that they did not print in full the Senator's story of his going back to his constituents in Nebraska in March, 1917, to account for his acts, which story he wrote in detail to the author of this review on December 21, 1927. There could be no more dramatic episode than this man's journeying to Lincoln and taking a theater there to meet his friends and critics face to face. He was told he would be mobbed, perhaps lynched. Few friends met him; he was befriended only by a reporter whose name he did not learn for ten years. He walked out alone upon the platform. "I have come home to tell you the truth," he said simply. When he finished the crowd cheered and cheered, stamped on the floor, and whistled, which demonstration repaid him "for all the turmoil, the agony, and the suffering I have endured."

The authors have none the less done ample justice to this extraordinary event and to the magnificent speech Senator Norris made in his final, farsighted opposition to the greatest blunder this country has ever made. Other men have risked political extermination; as the authors have recorded, to few has it been given to live to see themselves completely vindicated. Mr. Norris's five associates in the Senate who voted with him on April 2, 1917, are dead; but when the twentieth anniversary of our entry into the war came there was not a single man as honored or as often interviewed in Washington as George Norris, whom almost the entire press of the country execrated in 1917 and accused of treason.

As this life sets forth, in the last twenty years, far from being embittered or rendered cynical, Mr. Norris has accomplished more for the plain men and women of this country than any other legislator in Washington. Indeed, this record is the story of the progressive movement in the United States during that period. But in 1923 Norris was so dispirited that he refused to run and was kept in office only by a trick. None the less he has built four great monuments to himself: his record in 1917; his saving of Boulder Dam to the American people and thus making possible the TVA; the Lame Duck amendment to the Constitution, with its change in the day of the inauguration of the President, and finally, his establishment in Nebraska of a unicameral legislature. All of these achievements are set forth clearly and correctly in proper perspective and also many additional fights and accomplishments. Here is the story in full of the dastardly effort to defeat him by running another George W. Norris, an obscure young grocer, in the primaries against him with the obvious connivance of President Hoover.

Despite all these attacks and base stratagems, Senator Norris has steadily risen, until in the last election he found himself praised to the highest degree possible by the President of the United States, who called him "one of the major prophets of America" and hoped that the people of Nebraska would keep him in public life as long as he lived. He is 76 years old now and undoubtedly serving his last term in the Senate, but personifying always the finest traditions and ideals in our American life. His credo is a short one, but if every man in political life would only live up to it as he has we should find that most of our political difficulties would disappear. Here it is: "I am not conscious of having a single selfish ambition. Neither money nor office holds any enchanting allurements. . . . I have received all the honor I can ever expect. I should like to repay the people by an unprejudiced and unbiased service in their behalf. I have no other ambition." While other men may have been similarly unselfishly devoted, to no other that I know of can also be credited such an extraordinary record of constructive achievement in his country's service.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Goldwyn for President

THE GREAT GOLDWYN. By Alva Johnston. Random House. $1.50.

READING "The Great Goldwyn," you feel rather sorry that its hero is content to stay in the picture business. Here is that great rarity, a man who always gets his way—nor rain nor sleet nor Louis B. Mayer seems ever to have stayed him. Rival picture makers have wilted before his eloquent charm, or else fled for their lives; the most international of international writers have been no match for him.

So it would be fun to see him operate in some other field—

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politics, for example. Put him at a disarmament conference and all those present would certainly disarm if Sam Goldwyn wanted them to—or he would be at them again in the morning, hammering away until he conquered. And his victory would be the triumph of virtue—for Sam Goldwyn's way is the right way, as witness his present preeminence in the motion-picture field. Plainly, his are talents that should be put to work on behalf of his country. Goldwyn for President, and Charlie Chaplin, if need be, for Secretary of State. Certainly, before he got through with his appointments, we would have at least a handsome-looking Cabinet.

Alva Johnston's thin volume makes no pretense of being a full biography—it skims the surface amusingly, with many a bow to the Goldwyn anecdote, apocryphal and otherwise. In essence it is a not unfamiliar success story, no less remarkable because of its familiarity. From a Polish immigrant of thirteen Sam Goldwyn has risen to a high spot in our fourth or fifth industry (or maybe it's the third by this time). Somewhere along the line he picked up a sound sense of motion-picture values, and out of his early struggles he developed the power to fight for them. The result is written daily on a thousand screens.

Mr. Johnston makes you understand his hero thoroughly, and does it with the entertainment of the reader always as the first consideration. Maybe it isn't important, but it is gay and interesting and what is known as "easy reading." In fact, the publishers really ought to give away a hammock with each copy.

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Corwin vs. Five Justices More or Less

THE COMMERCE POWER VS. STATES RIGHTS. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton University Press. $2.50

THIS is a suit before the Court of Informed Opinion. The plaintiff is one Edward S. Corwin, a distinguished student of constitutional doctrine. The defendants are some five justices—more on some counts, less on others—of the United States Supreme Court. The cause of action is an uninformed application of the Constitution to cases affecting the New Deal. The USSC has declared invalid a Railroad Retirement Act, a National Industrial Recovery Act, an act for bringing order into the affairs of bituminous coal, and sundry other measures. Corwin demurs that the federal power over commerce has been arbitrarily narrowed, and that the results were reached through error. The cause is here for review.

In support of his suit Corwin submits an imposing indictment of recent judicial utterance. His brief is an argument uncompromising in its logical severity. It sets down some six theses from the records of the USSC for the notorious "October term of 1935"—all converting commerce into a legal category little touched by reality—and traces the doctrinal history of each from the days of Marshall into the Great Depression. To this task Corwin has brought intellectual resources of a high order—insight, industry, clarity, integrity, and courage; and the results of his inquiry are devastating. On each count the justices—one, five, six, or even nine—are shown to have strayed far from the path of orthodoxy. As national action has become more insistent, the words on parchment—upon which federal authority must be rested—have been pent within narrower confines. As he alleges, so Corwin proves. Recent constraining decisions are out of step with earlier statements of constitutional doctrines. Of that there can be no doubt whatever.

The error of the justices is proved, but the question of their intent remains. Corwin indicts but does not explain. The brief is all doctrine—its beginnings, its articulate statement, its departure from the norm of orthodoxy. But doctrine does not of itself go astray; nor is it a dialectical confusion which impels judges along the path of error to wrong conclusions. The novelty in doctrine is usually due to some urge from without—the zest for verbal adventure, the lure of new ideas, a public necessity recognized, a new interest to be served—which make yesterday's phrases live with a later meaning. In doctrinal terms we learn from Corwin exactly where the justices went astray, but nothing of the temptations which drew them from the beaten path. For the domain of commerce to be narrowed just when the federal government was asserting its responsibility for the rightful conduct of industry, we find to be appalling. But if the proneness of the justices for novelty had resulted in enlarging the concept of commerce to allow the national government to serve larger national needs, we should hardly call it error. In the USSC the real conflict has been between public control and leaving business alone. It has appeared as a clash between the commerce power and states rights only because judicial positions must be fortified by sanctions drawn from the sacred document. In the law reports preferences—and even philosophies—appear far more impersonal when wearing the liveries of doctrinal conflict.

The plaintiff Corwin asks for a mandamus compelling the justices to go "back to the Constitution." At the moment the question is moot. Since his suit was begun, the five justices who persist in saying "states rights" when they mean "*laissez faire*" have become four; the USSC has rediscovered—possibly from the Corwin brief—a number of lost interpretations; and the domain of federal authority has been enlarged. If in the future a judicial backsliding renders such an imperative necessary, we cannot issue a back-to-the-Constitution order. That document is an expression of the spirit of 1787. The language of the Fathers, the paths for their minds, their problems of policy belong to an age which is gone. The member of USSC most scrupulous about his oath to uphold the Constitution could not possibly recapture their contemporary meaning. But the Constitution is a charter for the state which has its enduring values.

Therefore the Court of Informed Opinion will hold its decision in abeyance. It will make judicial activities the subject of its constant observation. And it will, upon the petition of the said Corwin, order a rehearing of this cause—if, when, and as the USSC does not go "forward with the Constitution."

WALTON H. HAMILTON

Rubber Stamps

TWELVE POETS OF THE PACIFIC. Edited by Yvor Winters. New Directions. $2.50.

POEMS: 1929-1936. Dudley Fitts. New Directions. $2.

NOT ALONE LOST. Robert McAlmon. New Directions. $2.

ONE finds little in these three books of poetry to justify the name of the press publishing them. None of these poets actually takes a "new direction." Yvor Winters's group of poets are writing in the manner of the middle eighteenth century; Dudley Fitts is a cross between Cummings and Eliot; and Robert McAlmon, if a poet at all, is an imagist.

Yvor Winters edits "Twelve Poets of the Pacific"—Janet Lewis, Don Stanford, Howard Baker, J. V. Cunningham, Clayton Stafford, Richard Finnegan, James Atkinson, Ann

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Stanford, Henry Ramsey, Achilles Holt, Barbara Gibbs, and himself. It is obvious (without Winters's preface) that these poets have worked together toward a common end and that Winters himself is the leader of the group. He defines their aims thus: "In the matter of conception, [it is] clarity, as opposed to contemporary obscurantistic tendencies, or, to put it otherwise, the expression of feeling in terms of the motive; in matter of style, [it is] purity, and freedom from manners, as distinct from the contemporary tendency to substitute mannerism for true originality." "This temperance we deify," as one of these poets says. But the clarity here in reality proceeds from nothing more than a formal substitution of mere rhetoric for subject matter. The feeling behind these poems is generally stultified; not one of these poets, with the exception of Janet Lewis, Winters's wife, eludes the dictates of a group. She, in her feminine and delicate lyrics, achieves authenticity.

As for the remainder of these poems, they seem largely rubber-stamped. Each poet looks for an agreeable subject, either in nature or classical mythology, and each is careful first to picture whatever he is talking about and then to generalize from his picture in a few, usually too obvious, statements about life as Life. The trouble is, I think, that under the leadership of the older members of this group (Winters, Stafford, and Baker) the younger poets have been taught to revere form out of all proportion to subject matter. They all write neat quatrains or rhetorical odes. Disliking "obscure" poetry, these poets evidently dislike also the attendant labors of thinking and feeling engaged in by most artists today. In rebellion chiefly against such poets as Eliot, Crane, Cummings, and others, the group often puts one in mind of the early romantic poets who, although still laden with the lumber of classical references and "poetical language," made much of their pretensions to rural simplicity. Stanford University, where the group meets, is indeed a rural community; but California has known dramatic events of late, and fascism sometimes seems closer there than in most states. Nevertheless one is unable to discover in these poems a word about the condition of the world today.

Dudley Fitts is not temperate or simple. His unusual rhythms, his ironic wit, his complex imagery, tending in general toward the vague and the merely suggested, are his own. Nevertheless, he is distinctly of the Wasteland school of poetry. Disillusioned and bored, his philosophy is half Eliot's despair, half Cummings's mockery. Fitts is a romantic, though he would probably deny it, and this world, uncongenial as it is to individualism, apparently does not please him. Technically he is very interesting, but he has essentially nothing very new to say and no entirely fresh or outstanding command of the poetic medium. He has written some quite musical lyrics and he is, indeed, a poet in love with words, not generally concerned with ideas. He takes, almost always—and with a good deal of complacency—the intellectual's skeptical pose.

Robert McAlmon is, in one sense of the word, not a poet at all. The verse in "Not Alone Lost" is really broken lines of prose—notes, as it were, on unusual images, clever ideas, and exotic scenes. McAlmon is more the short-story writer than the poet by temperament. If he were as interesting technically as either Fitts or any one of a number of Winters's poets, he might produce good proletarian verse, as his rousing, though faulty, poems about the Spanish Loyalists would seem to indicate. Unfortunately his lines are awkward, unmusical, and stubbornly rhymed against all reason.

EDA LOU WALTON

Social Cleavages in the South

CASTE AND CLASS IN A SOUTHERN TOWN. By John Dollard. Yale University Press. $3.50.

IN his "Criteria for the Life History" John Dollard set forth his belief in the life history of the individual as, in its own right, a valid method of social research; and through a searching comparative analysis of diverse uses of the life history, ranging from Freudian to anthropological and literary, he arrived at certain criteria of adequacy. For many of us this critical bringing together of methods of study hitherto used largely in isolation had the effect of making them spring suddenly into rich, new relationships, so that subsequent thinking involving them had to be of a much higher order. "Southerntown" represents the elaboration of one of these criteria: "the careful and continuous delineation of the social situation." Desiring to study the emotional development of Negroes, Dr. Dollard perforce turned to the study of the culture in which these personalities are rooted. His findings offer fresh material to the student of race relations; to the person interested in wider aspects of personality in relation to culture they give an excellent demonstration of the adaptation of psychoanalytic methods to community study.

Implicit in Dr. Dollard's approach is the assumption that there is no such thing as human nature independent of the social structure in which it is found. He stresses the fact that each individual is a specimen of a particular group, that men in the same situations tend to develop the same feelings. In so doing he goes beyond Freud's identification of Western European culture patterns with human nature, but does not recognize adequately the variations among individuals occupying the same social roles.

The basis for the emotional life of this Negro-white community Dr. Dollard finds in its caste and class structure. He uses *caste* as a social grouping which allows no vertical mobility in contrast to *class,* in which, theoretically at least, such mobility is possible. Caste, based upon physical differences, he regards as more important in determining individual personality and community structure, than class, which is the result of a variety of differentials, including economic factors. And yet the actual evidence at a number of points calls into question this primary importance of caste. Dr. Dollard points out, for example, that poor whites show "less than the predicated amount of resentment" toward Negroes, and that the greatest rapport is found between middle-class whites and middle-class Negroes. At times when he is nominally discussing caste distinctions he recognizes that the differences are actually those between lower-class Negroes and middle-class whites. Furthermore, many of the distinctions in economic advantage, prestige, sexual freedom, and so on, which Dr. Dollard attributes to caste would appear almost as strongly as class distinctions in, let us say, certain steel towns in the North.

The importance of this question lies in its bearing on where one is to look for determinants of social structure and of social change. Some lack of clarity in Dr. Dollard's class analysis may lie in the fact that his economic interpretations are not as completely interwoven with his thinking as are his psychological interpretations. One questions the adequacy of his historical analysis of *laissez faire*; one notices that the idea of increased production as a prerequisite of economic welfare is attributed to a psychoanalyst. In all the discussion of class the Marxian theory of class is not mentioned. It is not that economic data are lacking—an entire chapter is de-

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voted to the economic gains of the white middle class—but rather that their significance is underplayed, and that they lack the support of such underlying theoretical analysis as is implicit in the psychological data.

What this approach does accomplish is to provide an indispensable corrective to an over-simplified economic explanation of the position of the Negro, and to show up the falsity and shallowness of purely biological or "racial" explanations—though here it is strange that there is no reference to Klineberg's work. There is admirable treatment of the way in which the habits and attitudes which we call the "personality of the Negro" have been built up through long years of learning "accommodation"; of the role played by epithets and symbols in the emotional structure of a group; of the significance of the patriarchal family pattern in building up the paternalistic attitude of the whites toward the Negro. The study of fear—of the Negro toward the white and the white toward the Negro—with resulting hatred and aggression, often misplaced, runs through the book and offers fresh illumination. This book, like Horney's "The Neurotic Personality of Our Time" and Dr. Dollard's own earlier work, is significant for what it points toward. It suggests new factors that must be taken into account in any study of personality and culture.

HELEN MERRELL LYND

Rumbles on Radio

NOT TO BE BROADCAST: THE TRUTH ABOUT RADIO. By Ruth Brindze. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

WITHOUT a doubt radio broadcasting deserves this book. It is a thoroughgoing ABC on how the American broadcasting system operates. In thirteen short chapters Miss Brindze analyzes the advertising playground of radio, touches on the ownership of the "air," patent medicine plugs, free speech censorship, news dissemination, and appends a full chapter of solutions. The theme of the 320 pages is the radio industry's biased treatment of political and economic thought. It may come as a surprise to Americans that their radio is after all just as full of propaganda as the broadcasts emanating from Moscow, Berlin, and Rome. The book explains that, because of the myth of impartiality in this country and the government's domination of the industry, the propaganda is inserted with relative subtlety. In short, the economic preachings are candy-coated with music and "friendly chats" during intermissions.

Like every other book, the volume has its high and low points. The high points are the fast-paced quotations from reports, speeches, and letters, while the low points may be found in the very occasional degeneration into pure "soap box." There is no question but that Miss Brindze has undertaken a diligent research into this modern-day problem. She marshals her facts and figures into a very convincing indictment of radio as it now operates. However, it is the opinion of many government, radio, and newspaper experts that she has been able only to skim the surface. The understandable assumption, perhaps, is that a more detailed treatment might detract from the pace of the volume as a whole, so that it would be another dull bit of reading. Radio, moreover, is a fast changing business: the reality of today is the dim past by tomorrow, and consequently the author could not be expected to present a coverage of the radio situation that would be entirely up to date.

The importance of this book is, then, relative; to reach its highest effectiveness it would have to be read by the listening millions who also patronize the drugstore lending library. While good-natured public tolerance acknowledges that many of the radio claims are as fraudulent as those of a side-show barker, few have realized that today's radio operates with tax-free licenses issued under a ten-year-old law which clearly did not foresee the rapid strides or the potentialities of this modern means of communication. It may be said, in passing, that Miss Brindze renders unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's. While not hesitating to criticize severely the chains and independents for improper practices, she does give them praise when that praise is due. Her closing paragraph correctly concludes the work with this note: "About this, and other of radio's problems, we need more free discussion. We need greater realization that radio is not a toy, not a special gift to the advertising profession, but an instrument that can enslave or free. We need a sufficiently aroused public opinion so that radio broadcasting in the United States will in truth be made to serve the public interest, convenience, and necessity."

EDGAR M. JONES

Our National Disgrace

CHILD WORKERS IN AMERICA. By Katharine Du Pre Lumpkin and Dorothy Douglas. Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.50.

UNPLEASANT facts rarely have widespread currency. The average person is prepared to admit that child labor is a blight on our national life, but he believes that the evil is rapidly being eradicated. Katharine Lumpkin and Dorothy Douglas, after years of exhaustive study, find that child workers in America must still be counted in the millions. Complete figures are not available because the census does not recognize child labor when the workers are under ten years of age or when they are enrolled in school on April 1—before the season for agricultural work. Yet even the census figures show at least 250,000 children between ten and thirteen years of age regularly at work and more than 400,000 between fourteen and fifteen. Another million and a half are over sixteen but under eighteen.

The conditions of child labor in industry are less disgraceful than in other fields. Most of the children employed in the larger industries are more than fourteen years of age. Their working conditions are subject to more or less strict regulation. Little or no control exists, however, over conditions in sweatshop factories, street trades, domestic service, industrial home work, and agriculture. In 1931, for example, 17 per cent of New York's newsboys were less than twelve years old, and some were as young as six. In several cities as many as 20 per cent of the newsboys were under ten. Thousands of these children work until midnight or later, especially on Saturday nights, and their pay, after the usual deductions and fines, is pitifully small.

For children as for adult workers, the worst conditions are found in agriculture. At least 100,000 children from ten to fifteen years of age are listed as working in commercial agriculture—as berry pickers, beet-sugar workers, cotton pickers, or in vegetable gardens. The majority of these youngsters work not as individuals but as parts of families which hire out to contractors for a wage barely enough to keep them alive. On truck farms in New Jersey, for example, the father's earnings averaged only one-third that of the entire family, or 15 to 18 cents an hour. Children work the same hours as adults, twelve hours being normal in many sections. Housing and sanitary facilities for these migratory farm workers are less satisfactory than for any other group in America.

The authors are not optimistic about the elimination of child labor in the United States. They point out that many

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of the movements for the "regulation" of the evil have only resulted in diverting attention from it. While favoring immediate passage of the amendment, they believe the evil will persist until a strong labor movement is developed.

The Administration's new program for eliminating child labor on goods moving in interstate commerce, brought forth after the completion of the book, will not even touch the sectors of our economy where child labor is most prevalent. Nor can we expect state legislatures in the more backward states to grapple with the problem. There is still need, as indicated by the votes of the New York and Massachusetts legislatures on the child-labor amendment, for a long-range educational program. Drs. Lumpkin and Douglas have made an invaluable contribution to that end in this first scientific study of our national disgrace. MAXWELL S. STEWART

Summer Fiction

THE MAKING OF A HERO. By Nicholas Ostrovski. Translated from the Russian by Alec Brown. E. P. Dutton. $2.50.

OSTROVSKI, a veteran of the Civil War and a product of the militant generation of October, was a hero. His novel, however, is not heroic. That a man afflicted with blindness and paralysis in his middle twenties could have found within himself the resources to turn to writing and make it a means of recapturing his waning life seems a manifestation of high resolve. All the more unfortunate it is that Ostrovski's imagination was so completely at the mercy of a simplified and dogmatic outlook that it was unable to cope with the dramatic events and transformations he had lived through. To act heroically is at times only a matter of courage and simple faith; to create the heroic in art, however, requires a range of qualities much more varied and profound. Above all it requires an independence of consciousness, which is clearly at odds with the urge to conform so typical of Soviet writers today.

Largely autobiographical, Ostrovski's narrative describes the development of Paul Korchagin from an illiterate worker's kid to a Bolshevik fighter and leader. The behavior of a White Guard in political struggle is given the same tonality and subjected to the same moral standards as that of a woman in love. Korchagin experiences the Revolution, the Civil War, the ordeals of reconstruction, and a cycle of personal suffering without so much as once facing himself and others except in terms of official beliefs that in their very nature are too abstract to explain individual conduct and psychology. Interesting in places for its documentation of the early Soviets, the book is otherwise banal and occasionally quite silly, as in the episodes of Korchagin's love affairs. Marxists, being fond of discerning contradictions in the social process, ought to apply their analytic prowess to investigating the discrepancy between the prodigious dimensions and meanings of the October Revolution and the feeble records of it recently produced on its home grounds by writers seemingly most devoted to its progress. PHILIP RAHV

AMERICAN DREAM. By Michael Foster. William Morrow. $3.

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on the shores of the Pacific. While his wife packs his household goods and cooks his meals, the hero retires to the attic for a few days, where, among the letters and papers of his ancestors, he gives himself a spiritual housecleaning. Pictures of his forebears are evoked. There was his grandfather, a hell-for-leather, damn-your-eyes Irishman, sea captain, and merchant, who, after an interlude of Boston respectability, ended his days as the polygamous rajah of a Malay coast settlement. There was his father, a fighting country lawyer, who defended Mexicans in Dakota and pacifists in wartime, and eventually died penniless in San Francisco. In the lives of these people Mr. Foster sees the American dream dramatized. It would appear from the plot to be a kind of permanent, lively intransigeance, but Mr. Foster, after a good deal of troubled reflection, prefers to define it as "the old, old human faith that somehow, somewhere, a time might come when man would stand on the ruins of an old world and an old self, with the starlight on his shouders. That a time might come when men would live and deal among themselves with justice. And tenderness. And truth." These are fine sentiments, but hardly precise. Mr. Foster's program for the materialization of the dream is equally starry-eyed and ectoplasmic. He puts his faith in "the quiet, decent people. . . . The silent ten per cent. Whose names are not often on page one, because they are so busy, and who pay very little attention to the loud antics of the shouters and grabbers." It is probably natural that a newspaperman should experience revulsion against the men-in-the-news, but to exalt that revulsion into a philosophy of life is absurd. MARY MCCARTHY

THE FRIENDLY TREE. By Cecil Day Lewis. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

WHAT distinguishes Mr. Lewis's romance from those of Ruby M. Ayres might be described as Mr. Lewis's writing hypothesis: from the outset he regards his characters as the absolutes of refined sensibility and exquisite reaction. The premise, implied rather than developed in the course of the narrative, is that Stephen, Anna, Evelyn, and Richard all possess a mystic, internal poetry, exalting the cheap, romantic events of their lives and bringing subtlety to what the reader finds trivial, grace to what is infelicitous, and mystery to what is commonplace or melodramatic. He proceeds from this premise through the device of a stream of consciousness sprinkled with inexact and incongruous metaphors: a hill is described as though it were an emotion, and an emotion as though it were a garden rake. Inanimate objects lose their identity in a welter of vague and strained descriptive associations, while psychological analysis and dramatic motivation are reduced to blunt clichés. The terms in which Mr. Lewis finally establishes his characters are banal, vulgar, and sentimental. They make love to each other like people who have seen too many movies; they become profound and intellectualize about life and death like the schoolboys sitting behind you in the bus. They wander from situation to situation, desperately happy or desperately near the breaking-point, but always and forever entangled in emotional confetti. Finally, on the last page of the epilogue, they are resolved in a way the reader would least expect. It is all reduced to a struggle between civilizations: the old, degenerate civilization of the Cranes and the new, good civilization of Stephen and Anna and their love. Such a distinction, occurring where it does, with no plausible relationship to what has gone before, is meaningless.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

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RECORDS

THE performance of Mozart's lovely Clarinet Quintet by the Roth String Quartet and Simeon Bellison (Columbia: four records, $6) is stodgy; and instead of finely modulated phrases Mr. Bellison produces sequences of big, round, shrill pumpkins. Claudia Muzio's voice is a delight to the ear in songs—by Delibes, Donaudy, Bizet, Pergolesi, etcetera—that ask nothing in feeling and style beyond what she could give (Columbia: five records, $6.50).

Beside Muzio's voice Gina Cigna's sounds like very little in "Casta Diva" from "Norma" and "Suicidio" from "La Gioconda" ($1.50). On another Columbia single ($1.50) is beautiful singing by Kipnis in Schubert's "Haidenröslein," "Ungeduld," and "Erlkönig"; on another ($1) the fine voice of Kullman in Carissimi's "Vittoria," and, marred by a vibrato, in the Italian aria from Act 1 of "Der Rosenkavalier." Szigeti wastes superb playing on a Weber sonata, Ravel's "Habanera," and an arrangement of Scriabin's piano study in thirds with which he gives a demonstration of a dog walking on its hind legs ($1.50). Beecham's performance of Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture with the London Philharmonic is less hair-raising in pace than some American performances, but beautifully phrased and colored and excellently recorded ($1.50). A two-record set ($3), finally, offers a fine performance by Yella Pessl of Bach's Partita No. 2.

Even non-metallic needles, I find, do not always enable one to escape fuzzy reproduction with new Columbia records; the records vary in this respect. I have tried Kakti needles, and like them better than B.C.N. because of their greater hardness; but they too cause a little richness and impact to be lost in reproduction of orchestral tone; and here I would like to add a postscript to my remarks on needles last November. Steel needles reproduce high frequencies—e.g., 5,000 to 6,500 cycles—with greater intensity than non-metallic needles; but if your phonograph does not reproduce beyond, say, 4,000, the advantage of steel disappears; and that is true also if the phonograph goes up high but the record is an old one that stops at 4,000. Steel will then merely intensify the noises of high frequency. If, in such an old record, the music is weak and there is a great deal of noise, only a non-metallic needle will permit you to step up the volume enough without increasing the noise too much. Even where both phonograph and record go up to 6,500 you may find it worth while to take the slight loss in orchestral reproduction with non-metallic needles for the sake of the lessened noise and increased volume. And if the record is one like the new Victor "Don Juan" or Brahms's Third, in which the high frequencies are overemphasized to the point where they are unpleasantly sharp with a steel needle, you will use a non-metallic needle to avoid or reduce this distortion. The thing to do is to try both the steel and non-metallic needles and compare the results—and not once for all, but with each record; for not only is there a difference between the record of today and the record of five years ago, but there are, unfortunately, appreciable differences between the record of today and the record of last week. The first difference represents the improvement in the process; the second represents the lack of precision and standardization in the use of the improved process. We have higher fidelity today; but how much higher is different in every record.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Pacifists Face the Dilemma

Dear Sirs: The civil war in Spain has brought to revolutionary pacifists a conflict of loyalties closely resembling that which faced their predecessors twenty years ago. Shall we who condemned war in round terms when it stood for capitalism, aggressive imperialism, and exploitation of the workers extend our approval and support when it is waged by our own side in defense of legitimate government and against the counter-revolution? The dilemma is a real one, but, like every other dilemma, wears two horns: support of war in full realization of its twentieth-century consequences or non-support of war with deliberate renunciation of the hope of a military victory.

To us there can be no question as to the abstract justice of the case. The Loyalists of Madrid are the legitimate government of the workers, defending homes and rights against fascism. Pacifist radicals are heart and soul on their side against the illegal revolt of capitalist militarism. The issue is very concrete, however. In this situation, which horn of the dilemma seems to involve a lesser degree of calamity for Spain and for the world?

Support of the first, in the hope of eventual victory, is ethically justifiable if war ever is justifiable. But pacifists repudiate war, not merely because it is unethical but because it is futile. Is there some new magic in the rightness of the Spanish cause to make this particular conflict an exception as regards futility? The people of Spain are fighting heroically to defend not only their constitutional government but their homes, their wives, and their children. In any concrete sense of the word, however, twentieth-century machines have destroyed all possibility of successful defense by force of arms. Such inventions as the long-range gun and bombing plane have put permanently behind us the time when strong lines of soldiers could say with assurance, "They Shall Not Pass!" We all know that the European military commands have no hope of defending the civil population against air and gas raids, but count only on reprisals, while they drill non-combatants in the use of gas masks and shelters which experts pronounce ineffectual. The best that can be hoped for in Spain is that after cities have been destroyed and thousands of non-combatants slaughtered, the Spanish people may perhaps win the war as Belgium and its allies eventually won the World War. Such victory is an abstraction, however; defense is both concrete and different.

A cool view of history leads to several definite conclusions. First, revolution, in the Marxian sense of complete transfer of power, is accomplished by economic forces rather than by war. Violence often accompanies the change but usually hinders and often blocks the revolution itself. The permanent achievements of the French Revolution were almost entirely secured by the regularly elected National Assembly; the ultimate surrender to the bourgeois Directory was the direct result of fatal divisions among the revolutionists which found expression in the spectacular violence of the Reign of Terror. The Soviet Republic, economically so successful, is politically so held back by the elements of violence within it that twenty years after the beginning of the revolution it has executed, rightly or wrongly, a large number of its former leaders.

Second, no revolution can prove anything but abortive until the people as a whole are ready to assume power. The outbreak of the Spanish rebellion was a sign of the inadequacy of the popular organization, and the defeat of Franco, if it takes place, will be followed by one counter-revolution after another until the Spanish workers can obtain a breathing spell from war sufficient to build up a united political party. Our romantic sympathy with the Spanish people should not blind us to the extreme closeness of the vote which brought the popular front into power, the absence of a common working philosophy among its groups, and the failure of the enlightened industrial proletariat to reckon with peasant and military reaction.

The pacifist rejects the first horn of the dilemma, accordingly, because he is convinced of the concrete impossibility of defending a country or a revolution through military measures. Instead he grasps firmly the second horn—deliberate non-support of military victory.

But have we a "right" to refuse support to our struggling comrades in Spain without offering some substitute for armed resistance already proved effectual? It is not our "right," we declare, but our obligation to use what small influence we may have to prevent world catastrophe. Moreover, substitutes for armed conflict clearly exist—agitation, education, organization on the political and industrial fields, the peaceful general strike, and the scarcely tapped resources of non-cooperation. They cannot be tried out by the war-resistant minority, however, or even elaborated in completeness while the revolutionary working class continues to waste itself on real or imaginary barricades. To demand from the pacifist minority a tried-out substitute for war is quite as absurd as to demand from the Socialist minority a tried-out substitute for capitalism.

The present counter-revolution could never have arisen if the Spanish Republic had been pacifist in theory and in practice. Such a republic would have liberated the Moors, disarmed the old-regime generals, allayed the fears of church and peasants, and renounced violence against clerical reactionaries on the one hand and working-class dissidents on the other. To be sure, pacifism was as impossible to the working-class psychology of 1931 in Spain as to that of the United States in 1917. We are confronted with a situation. What do war resisters propose for Spain? Frankly, the proposal which we unhesitatingly bring forward for Spain is that an armistice be arranged as soon as possible and peace negotiations entered upon, through the offices of non-fascist governments.

The greatest good now obtainable would appear to be the avoidance of conclusive military victory on either side. A victory on the part of Franco would be obviously disastrous; even a victory of the Loyalists could not fail to be followed by such drastic retaliations upon clerical and political reactionaries as to prepare the way for new rebellions, and a regime of rigid suppression, punctuated by "Moscow trials," would be the most probable sequel to armed victory on the part of the republic.

Particularly in view of the danger of world war is a negotiated peace to be desired. To be sure, the European Powers will in any such negotiations brazenly utilize both Loyalists and rebels as counters for their own advantage. The sooner

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the negotiations can be set in motion, however, the further from disintegration will be the Spanish working class which must establish the post-war commonwealth, the less weighty will be the influence of foreign interests that have been drawn in, and the more closely will the peace terms be related to the just claims of the Loyalist government.

At more than one point in the World War pacifists urged a compromise peace, but the Allies refused to consider it, sometimes fearing a German victory, sometimes eager to dictate peace "Unter den Linden." The result was the Versailles settlement, which came to full flower in Nazism.

JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN

New York, June 30

The Ghost of Göttingen

Dear Sirs: The German people found themselves suddenly in an atmosphere of freedom. The forces of liberty and democracy had triumphed over the prevailing oppression and tyranny. The conforming mind was replaced by the free mind as intellectual activity once again flowered. . . .

But then, with the suddenness of a thunderclap and all of its terror, reaction struck back. The liberal constitution was summarily abrogated. The universities and their leaders were the first to suffer. Professors and scholars were expelled; in disgrace many went into exile. The structure of tyranny was being re-erected and intolerance was once again its cornerstone. . . .

This was the Germany of 1837—this is the Germany of 1937. It was the University of Göttingen that suffered so disastrously one hundred years ago. For protesting against the revocation by King Ernst Augustus of Hanover of the liberal constitution, which he had sworn to accept (Führer Adolf was a little cleverer: he acted in the name of the constitution), seven of its most illustrious professors—*Die Göttinger Sieben*, among whom were the brothers Grimm and the famous historians Dahlmann and Gervinus—were expelled. Germany's most talented teachers, her most able scholars, her outstanding literary figures were forced into exile. The interdiction of "Young Germany" meant the suppression of young Heinrich Heine's works.

One hundred years later exile is again the refuge of Germany's great. Thomas Mann, the Heine of modern Germany, we hear confess his love for the "true Germany"—in the words of Heine: "the real Germany, the great, mysterious, anonymous Germany of the German people, the sleeping sovereign with whose scepter and crown the apes are playing."

And it is a mourning ghost of Göttingen that sees our universities fraternize with the avowed and shameless enemies of both.

ELVIN J. LASKY

New York, July 1

Dorothy Thompson

Dear Sirs: You are to be commended for your recent note on Dorothy Thompson's "outrage flight." It is high time someone called Miss Thompson on her bitter anti-labor bias. While she has a perfect right to be as anti-labor as she likes she has no right to be anti-labor under a cloak of extreme liberalism. She is increasingly likely to preface every attack on workers with the plea that this hurts her worse than it will them; but that, in the name of true liberalism, she must go on. It might interest her to see some of the letters that pour into the papers in admiring response to her call to arms. I quote from the public-mind column of the Kansas City *Star*, June 16: "Every day we have less of democracy and more of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Dorothy Thompson suggests a vigilance committee. I would amplify that suggestion and propose the immediate formation of a citizens' national committee of public safety." It can't happen here, Miss Thompson? Watch those curves.

SARA SAPER

Mayville, Mo., June 17

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ALBERT WEISBORD just returned from Loyalist Spain, where he took an active part both at the front and behind the lines.

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